

God's Two Witnesses and Their Search for a Christ

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Told by JOSEPH CARROLL
and Set Down
By FRANK R. BRUNSWICK



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TOLD BY
JOSEPH CARROLL

AND SET DOWN BY
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DR. JOSEPH CARROLL

GOD'S TWO WITNESSES AND THEIR SEARCH FOR A CHRIST.

Told by Joseph Carroll and set down
By Frank R. Brunswick.

Joseph's Boyhood Home.

I lived with my parents and an older brother in a small town in the state of Montana in the year 1898. I was eighteen years old and was preparing myself to learn a trade. My parents wanted me to be a baker. I preferred dentistry to baking. My parents let me have my choice and I chose dentistry.

There being no good dental colleges in that town, I left for Chicago and there completed my professional education. At the end of four years I found myself a full-fledged dentist.

Having no definite location in view, I decided to visit my parents. I left Chicago May 21, and, after an uneventful trip, arrived home. My father and brother greeted me warmly on my arrival. After securing my baggage,

we started home in the old family rig, passing on the way many familiar spots dear to my school-day memories.

My mother was eagerly awaiting my arrival and greeted me with open arms, exclaiming, between breaths, at my remarkable change in growth, looks and manners. She wondered that I did not come home to attend the wedding of Stella Holmes and John Wiggins, who are old friends and school-mates of mine. I explained that, on account of sickness, I was unable to attend.

After having been home for a few days, and feeling much at home, I decided to visit my old friends. I was astonished at the changes that had been wrought during my absence.

I decided to make fishing my pastime. As I never liked to fish alone, I hunted up some old friends of mine, and asked them to go with me. I found two—one old chum, John Condon, and the other, Albert Murphy, Condon's father had an express office, and Murphy's father was a tailor.

Murphy was a lazy, big-hearted chap, who never looked for work, and avoided study as much as possible. His sole ambition was to get on the police force. He was big and strong

and could pass a physical and mental examination easily, as all the necessary information had been furnished him by his friends on force. Nothing happened in the town that Murphy did not know.

We appointed Tuesday for the day on which we were to start. After having fished four days and having caught more fish than we cared for, Murphy got tired, and proposed we go pearl-fishing. He told us of a creek he knew which he said was full of mussels, and, if each one opened a thousand mussels, we were bound to find a pearl apiece. We accepted his proposition and intended to go to the creek on the following Monday. I told my brother of our intentions and he decided to go with us.

Monday came, and all four of us started to the creek, about five miles from town. In about two hours we were on the spot and soon were at work trying different places with our rakes. As we walked east against the stream, we found more and more mussels. We raked them out of the water and left them lay on the sand until we had thousands of them, so that we could keep opening them for an hour or more.

The first day my brother found a pearl. It

was fair sized and the value was more than one hundred dollars. We kept on looking for more, but could not find any large ones. In five days we found fourteen small pearls, the largest one valued at eight dollars. The fourteen small ones were worth forty dollars. One week of pearl-fishing was enough; we had to quit. Our hands were cut and scratched from opening the mussels. We were sunburnt as we never had been before.

After having spent six weeks in those beautiful regions, I wanted to go and work at my profession, which I had just acquired and at which I would be able to earn a good salary.

A friend of mine in Chicago was writing me very often, and wanted me to come to Chicago and work in his office. As he offered me a good salary, I finally accepted his offer and promised him to be there on the first of August, which would still give me two weeks' time. I wanted to spend the two weeks as usefully as possible.

Condon, Murphy and my brother were very much interested in fishing, it seeming to be their favorite sport. I had grown tired of it, and asked them to excuse me for not going with them. I told them that I intended to leave in two weeks and that I had a good deal

of writing to do, as I had received many letters and wanted to answer them all; also, that I wanted to be a little more with my parents.

One fine day I and my mother had taken a long walk up to the hills surrounding the town. On our return we met an old lady, a friend of my mother. I remember her name—it was Mrs. Fielding. My mother had told her about me; that I had been in Chicago for four years; that I had learned dentistry; that I had come home on a visit, but that I did not want to stay long enough to suit her. My mother invited her to come to our house to visit us. Mrs. Fielding told us that she would come the next afternoon. We then departed.

I asked my mother who Mrs. Fielding was. She told me that Mrs. Fielding and she went to school together, and that when Mrs. Fielding was about eighteen years old she was married to a wealthy farmer, but that their happiness did not last long, as her husband died about fifteen months after their wedding. She had a married daughter who also lived in the town. When Mr. Fielding died he left her a large fortune, but she did not keep it very long. She was very kind to the poor, and had given most of her fortune to them. Now, she was working for a living. She had been away

from the town for twelve years, having returned eight months ago.

I asked my mother what Mrs. Fielding was doing. She said that Mrs. Fielding was working as a housekeeper for one of the wealthiest families in the town—the Cramer people, whom I knew. Mother said that Mrs. Fielding was liked by every one who knew her, as she was a very successful fortune-teller, and that, if she came to visit us the next day, I should have my fortune told by her, just to show me how great and how wonderful she was. Mother knew that I did not believe in fortune-telling, but she felt that Mrs. Fielding would surely convince me, for mother had her fortune told by Mrs. Fielding, and all that Mrs. Fielding had told her had come true.



MRS. F. FIELDING

II.

Mrs. Fielding, the Fortune-Teller.

The next day I read an interesting book, on which I had spent the forenoon. In the afternoon I went out for a long walk. On my return, I found Mrs. Fielding, with two other ladies whom I did not know, were mother's guests. On being introduced to them, I found that the two strange ladies were Mrs. and Miss Cramer, the women for whom Mrs. Fielding worked. They were seated at a table in the parlor and were having their fortune told by Mrs. Fielding. As my mother was last and most nearly through with her fortune, the ladies invited me to have my fortune told. But I told them that I did not believe in fortune-telling. I left the parlor and went in an adjoining room, where I seated myself comfortably, picked up the book that I had been reading all morning and began to read. As soon as I had read one page, Miss Cramer and my mother came in the room and begged me to have my fortune told, and to see for myself how great a fortune-teller Mrs. Fielding was.

table and asked Mrs. Fielding to begin. She took the cards, shuffled them, then asked me to cut them twice. I did so. When she was ready to start telling my fortune, the doorbell rang.

It was my father. I opened the door for him, then told him that Mrs. Fielding and Mrs. and Miss Cramer were there. Father asked me how they were entertaining themselves. I told him with fortune-telling. He was anxious to know if I had had my fortune told. I told him that the cards for my future were spread on the table, but that Mrs. Fielding had not told me anything yet. My father told me that he had come home on time to save me from a lot of hard luck. He assured me that Mrs. Fielding had a great power and was able to tell a person's past life and also the future. He said that she had told him his future many years ago, but that he wished many times she had not. He told me not to let her tell me anything. If I did that I would regret it, for Mrs. Fielding was using her power for a bad purpose.

We then entered the parlor. Father bowed to the ladies and greeted them in a friendly manner; seeing cards on the table, he asked Mrs. Fielding whose future she was telling.

She answered: "Your wife and the ladies wanted to hear your son's future; so this was to be for him."

My father said: "Mrs. Fielding, you know that you told me my future a long time ago. You made me suffer. I know what kind of a fortune-teller you are; so do you. You also know what you did to me when you told me the future. Now you want to do the same thing to my son, but in that you shall not succeed."

Mrs. Fielding replied: "O, yes, your son will get his future told just the same."

Father answered: "If I knew that he was so weak and unable to keep his word, I would rather see him dead than to be under the spell of that devilish power in which you would bring him. You always say that you are one of God's witnesses. I don't believe that you are. I think you are a witch and make every person unfortunate whose future you tell. You deserve to be burned just like all the witches were in olden days. For what you have done to me, with your fortune-telling, I could burn you at the stake."

Mrs. Fielding arose from her seat, and in a cool voice said:

"Mr. Carroll, you did not curse me, you

cursed the Holy Ghost, and for that you will receive your punishment. When you will be sixty-three years old, you will walk through your shop, suddenly get caught by a wheel, which will smash you five times against the ceiling before it can be stopped. Every bone in your body will be broken, but you will remain conscious for four days. The words that I have spoken will make deep impressions on your memory, and will make your dying harder. If you had not cursed the Holy Ghost, you would die in the same age, only in a natural way."

After Mrs. Fielding had spoken these words, father turned pale with fear. He said: "What you have spoken, Mrs. Fielding, might come true, for I know that you are full of devilish power. The Scriptures say: 'Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy name, and in Thy name have cast out devils? And in Thy name done many wonderful works? And then will I profess unto them I never knew you; depart from me, ye that work iniquity.' You, Mrs. Fielding, will be one of those that will not be known."

Mrs. Fielding said: "It is possible that it will be that way, but what I have told you will happen to you."

Mrs. and Miss Cramer seemed not to have heard what passed. The ladies brought up a different subject, and the quarrel between my father and Mrs. Fielding had been entirely forgotten. My brother and his two friends, Murphy and Condon, came home from fishing, each one having a long string of fish. After showing them to the ladies, my brother asked them if they would want to take some of them home. The ladies gladly accepted his offer. Mrs. Cramer began to drum a tune on the piano. Her daughter and I were singing. When we finished, mother and brother, who were listening, asked us to sing once more, as our singing was fine. After we had spent a half hour playing and singing, mother asked the ladies to step in the dining room and have a cup of tea, with some cake. After refreshing ourselves, we sang and played a few more selections, and then the ladies decided to leave for their homes. Before going, Mrs. Cramer invited us to come to their home on the coming Thursday, when she was giving a birthday party to her eldest daughter, Ethel. We promised we would come.

My brother brought the parcel of fish and gave it to Mrs. Fielding to carry. Mother thanked them for their visit, and asked them

not to forget to come and visit us soon again. The ladies wished us a pleasant good-night and departed.

My father was going for his usual evening walk, and asked me to go with him. Slowly, we went toward the green forest. On the way father spoke to me about the disaster that Mrs. Fielding had foretold how he would die. "What that woman says happens, but I do not care when or where it does happen," he said. That it did not change his opinion about her in the least; that he thought she was a witch with devilish power and had made hundreds of people unfortunate with her cards.

He assured me that I would have been one of them if he had not stopped me in time. He reminded me to be very careful and not to stay in the house when she was there, saying that he was afraid that she might get me under her control and make me consent to have my fortune told.

He said that he never believed in fortune-telling, nor in anything of that kind, until he met Mrs. Fielding; that she had proved to him through his own experience that there are real fortune-tellers, that the fortune can be foretold from the cradle to the grave. I asked my father what she had done to him.

He said that she had told him his fortune, and then wanted him to do some thing, and that, when he had not done what she had told him to do, she cursed him and told him many things which he had to do, and by doing that he became a poor man; that he was still chained by an invisible force, and he feels that if he reveals any of the things that she had spoken to him it will cost him his life.

As we stood near the forest and looked about for a resting place, we noticed the gathering of black clouds above us, and it had already started to rain. We walked in the forest and there looked about for a place which would keep us from getting wet. The best shelter we could find was a large and bushy tree, under which we stood and patiently waited for the rain to cease. It rained hard for about twenty minutes; then it stopped, and the sun began to shine.

We started on our way home. It was supper time and we knew that mother and brother were waiting for us.

The next day I went to see my father in his machine shop. I looked at everything in the shop until I got tired. Then I walked in the office where the bookkeeper and his assistant and a draughtsman were working. The

draughtsman was busy; he had more work than he could finish by the time it was wanted. I asked him if I could help him in his work. He gave me the necessary tools and showed me what he wanted me to do, and what was supposed to be ready for the next day. I worked from a sketch and got through with my drawing in four hours.

At five o'clock father and I went home. Father was tired; he had been watching the work of a new machine all day, as he wanted to find out if it was worth the money which was to be paid for it. Shortly after we arrived home that evening we had our supper. Then we went out in the garden, seated ourselves on a bench beneath the trees and conversed on different subjects. Late in the night we retired to our beds.

III.

A Strange Prophecy.

The next morning, when I awoke, and looked through my window, I saw that it was raining very hard. I ate my breakfast and took a book and began to read. Mother informed me that my brother had left with father, that he wanted to make himself useful in the machine-shop. I read all morning, which made the time pass quickly. It kept on raining until two o'clock in the afternoon, when it stopped and cleared up. Soon after two, that afternoon, Mrs. Fielding stepped in the house; she said that she was on her way to the dry-goods store to do some shopping, and, as she passed the house, she thought she would stop and see what we were doing. Mother was glad to see her, for the day seemed long to her.

After Mrs. Fielding had told us all the news, mother asked her if she had the cards with her. Mrs. Fielding said, smiling: "You know well that I have them with me all the time, and am willing to tell the future to any one who wants to have it told." Mrs. Fielding

I went with them in the parlor, sat at the then took her cards out of her hand-bag, shuffled them, asked my mother to cut them, and began to spread them on the table, eight in a row, and made four rows. Her pack consisted of thirty-two cards. After she had spread them on the table, she began to tell mother's future. I listened to her saying that mother would receive a letter from her sister within two days, and all the rest was trivial.

When Mrs. Fielding was through with mother's future, she asked me to have mine told. I told her that I did not want to have it told; that I thought it all nonsense. My mother also asked me to have it told, saying that she would like to hear my future.

Forgetting what father had told me, I finally consented.

Mrs. Fielding, just as before, asked me to cut them, then spread them on the table. My future was very pleasing. No one could ask anything better than that what she had told me. Mrs. Fielding had laid the cards three times on the table, and with that had told me my future for three years to come. My future pleased mother very much.

Mrs. Fielding put the cards back in her hand-bag, and asked me how I liked it. I

praised her, told her that she was a great fortune-teller and that she would have to tell me more the next time she came; that I wished every word she had told me would come true. Mrs. Fielding said, everything what I have foretold you will come true if you will not get your fortune told by me any more. After Mrs. Fielding had left, mother asked me what I thought about her fortune-telling. As I knew that my mother believed in fortune-telling, I told her that Mrs. Fielding was a great fortune-teller, and would have to tell me more about my future the next time she came. I had already forgotten that Mrs. Fielding had told me not to let her tell me any more about my future.

The next day, I was home by myself; my mother had gone out to attend to some business. I was sitting in the garden, looking at the fleeting clouds, when suddenly I heard a voice, and as I turned to see to whom it belonged I saw Mrs. Fielding standing in the doorway. She was calling me. I arose from the bench and walked to her. She asked for my mother. I informed her that my mother had gone out, but that she would be back soon. As I knew she had enough time, I asked her to wait. She said that she would, if she would

know how soon my mother would return.

I told her that I expected mother back in forty minutes. She decided to wait. I asked her to step in the parlor, where we sat at the table. Mrs. Fielding began questioning me about Chicago and I soon found that she thought very little about that large city, and would not let me say anything good of it. She said: "Sodom and Gomorrah were not only in olden days, they are here today, only under different names: New York, Chicago and San Francisco. Every one of these cities could change their name to Sodom or Gomorrah; that the majority of people which enter these cities are lost. They lose faith in God; they lose that which human beings owe toward one another. Their hearts grow as hard as stone, and they become the devil's tools.

"In those cities are many with perfect bodies, but with imperfect souls. I have never been there, but I know it just the same. I would never advise any one to go there. You were four years in Chicago, and are getting ready to go back. I told you your future yesterday, the cards showed you that you will do well there and make a success; that means that you will have success for three years."

As soon as Mrs. Fielding mentioned fortune-

telling, it reminded me of everything she had foretold me the day before.

I asked her if she could tell me my future still further.

She answered: "A few days ago you would not let me tell you your future. Now you can not get enough told. I have told you your future for three years. It is good. If you want to have it still better than I have told you, you can have it; but you must remember that it will not be me speaking to you. It will be some one else speaking through me; and, when he will have told you everything, he will ask you to do something. If you do what he will ask you, every word which he will tell you will come true, and you will become a great man. So do you want him to speak to you?"

I hesitated for a minute. Then I asked: "Who will be he that is going to speak to me and ask me to do something for him?"

She replied: "It will be the Holy Ghost."

I told her that I would do anything in my power.

She said a prayer, and then said: "Now he will speak to you. Listen carefully so that you hear every word.

"Joseph, when you were born, the moon and the stars were shining and the angels rejoiced

in Heaven, as they knew what a great chance would be given you, and how great a man you would become if you would be willing to do what was asked of you.

"In your younger days, you were very religious. You offered your prayers daily. You did not pray only for yourself, but for all the poor that are suffering. God has heard your prayers, and as truth and justice prevail in your mind, God has chosen you for the man through whom he will reform the world and make you a Second Christ.

"The praying, weeping and calling for help of the people is breaking through Heaven. God will not stand for it any longer. He has chosen a very strange way in which to appoint the reformer of the world. God will be with you, and do the work through you.

"It has been your most sincere wish that some one should get strength and power to help the poor, to do away with their drudgery. Now you will have the chance to do that which you have wanted to do for so long a time.

"Christianity has been preached for nearly 1,900 years, and has accomplished very little. Tomorrow you must go to that mountain which you see over yonder. You must take the Bible with you, climb up on the rock which

you call Giant's Rock. On that rock you will find a seat chiseled in the stone. In that seat you must sit down and read the Bible. After you will have read the Bible for a while, you will look up in the sky. There you will see a large bird that will descend before you. His looks will surprise you much. The front part of the body will be that of a sheep, and the hind part that of a bird.

"As soon as he will have descended, he will speak to you, but you will not understand what he is saying. With his feet he will make a sign on your forehead that will cause a little pain. That sign will stay on your forehead forever. When that bird will have made that sign on your forehead, he will speak to you again, but you will not be able to understand him. Then he will fly whither he came.

"From that time on, the Holy Ghost will be with you. You will have power to do everything that you will want to do. That Great Spirit which delivers God's messages to you through me will bring God's message to you.

"You will do only that which God will want you to do. Your work will be similar to Christ's. You will begin to preach on the streets and cure cripples and all kinds of diseases that are incurable today. You will have

power to prophesy. All your wishes will be granted you. You will become known all over the world. People will see you as a messenger of God; they will send you money with which you will build one of the largest temples that ever has been built for a true religious purpose. Many rich people will flee to foreign countries, when they will hear of you, because they will not want to contribute any of their money. All those that will flee to foreign countries will become possessed with four evil spirits. These four evil spirits will torture them. They will not find rest upon the face of the earth, unless they return whence they came and confess to you that which they have done and what kind of experience they have had. They will offer you their wealth, but you will accept it only from some of them.

“Those whose money you will accept will go preaching into all parts of this world. The Holy Ghost will also be with them; and those whose money you will not accept will be unfortunate and will never find comfort.

“You must not wear jewelry, nor ride in vehicles of any kind. You must not smoke nor drink liquors, and must not have any more clothing than you will need. You will at all times know what to do. That Great Spirit

which is with me will be with you. All your friends will be astonished when they will see you do your great work, as all will know that you were only a dentist.

"Your whole work will be finished in one year. At the end of that year five rulers of the earth will pay you a visit, it being their firm and steadfast belief that you are a messenger of God. They will congratulate you and utter words of appreciation for the work that you have done. These five rulers will be at your service. They will be ready to do anything for you, whatever you may ask of them. They will ask you what they can do for you. You will tell them that you do not want to bother them with anything; but as you think that it will be a pleasure to them to do something for you, and as you know that you will die soon, you will request of them to give your body a decent burial.

"They will be very much astonished at your request. They will ask you no questions, but will give you their word of honor that they will do that which you have asked of them, and that over your grave they will erect one of the largest monuments ever placed over a grave.

"You and these five rulers will be in the

temple, and as soon as they will have promised you that they will take care of your body, you will bless them and they will then depart into their homes. People of all the nations will know about you; you will be looked upon as a Second Christ throughout the world.

IV.

Crucified by the Pope.

“But all people will not like you. The Pope and his cardinals will be your most dangerous enemies, because you will not praise their religion. You can not help that, you must, and you must always speak as the Spirit, which will always be with you, will tell you to.

“When your work will be finished, the Pope of Rome, the head of the Catholic Church, will write to you. He will congratulate you, and at the same time will ask you several questions. You will answer them. The answers will not be satisfactory to Leo XIII. He will get angry, and from that day he will go after your life. He will call in session all the heads of the Roman Catholic Church. They will meet on a certain day, to which he will invite you. His plan will be to murder you in the sight of many of his disciples.

“You will go. God will be with you. In Rome, in the Vatican, you will be received, as no other man has ever been. As it is the custom that every man who enters the walls of the

Papal chambers to speak to the Pope must come to him on his knees, you would not do that, even if you were expected to do so. As soon as you will come to him, he will give you a kiss, as Judas gave to Christ, when he betrayed him. He will offer several hypocritical prayers. Then he will question you. You will answer his questions, as the Spirit of God will tell you. All your answers will be unsatisfactory to him. The last question which he will put before you will be: 'Am I worthy of the place that I am now holding—the place of Holy Saint Peter?' You will answer as the Spirit of God will tell you. At your last answer he will get angry. He will turn purple in the face. The Devil will be in him. In this raving condition he will give orders to his men to take you in the catacombs and crucify you.

"His men will execute his orders. He, the Pope himself, will be present at the crucifixión. He will laugh in your face, and do the most cruel and meanest things to you that only the Devil can think of. You will die on the cross, as our Savior did.

"But do not be afraid of death. You will not feel any pain. As soon as they will drive one nail in your foot, you will expire, and God's angels will take your soul to Heaven, and on

the Judgment Day you will be at the right hand of Christ, and there you will never regret what you have done for the people on earth.

"As weeks will pass and your friends will not hear from you, they will become alarmed. They will know that you were invited to Rome. They will inquire for you there. The answer that they will receive will be a sarcastic one. They then will notify the President of the United States, who is one of these five rulers that a short time ago promised you they would take care of your body after death.

"He will inform the other four rulers, who also gave you their promise that your body should have a decent burial.

"These five rulers will send their representatives to Rome to find out when you came there and when you left. These representatives will have strict orders which they will obey. On their arrival in Rome, admission to the Vatican will not be granted to them. They will be told that the Pope is very ill. The Pope will not be ill, but he will give sickness as his excuse for not meeting them. These men will demand to see the Pope's secretary, whom they will see after hours of waiting. They will question him concerning you. He

will tell them that you have been there, and left Rome, January 18, twenty-eight days ago; that you were accompanied by ten men, and that he was one of the ten men that accompanied you to the train.

"These five representatives will depart from the Vatican, and will telegraph the news to their rulers that you left Rome safe for home.

"In the night God will give every one of the five representatives three visions, which they will call dreams. The first vision that these men will see will be your departure from St. Louis. They will see you in the temple with hundreds of people about you, and will hear you offer your last prayer in your country.

"When they will have seen that view, they will awake; it will be one o'clock in the morning. Neither one of them will think much about it, and will sleep again. Then they will have a second vision. They will see your arrival in Rome, and how you are received by hundreds of priests at the Vatican.

"They will awake and it will be three o'clock in the morning. As these men do not have dreams often, they will blame their stomachs, and go to sleep again.

"In thirty minutes another vision will be seen by them. They will see you sitting among

hundreds of priests in the Vatican; will hear Leo XIII offer his prayers. They will hear every question which the Pope asked you. They will see how angry and disappointed all those men looked and how you answered the last question. They will see the Pope in his rage; how he became purple in the face, and how, in that moment he ordered his men to seize you, how you were carried in the catacombs and crucified.

"They will hear the Pope mock and laugh at you. They will see that as soon as one nail was driven in your foot that you expired.

"When these five representatives will have seen all this in their dreams, they will awake. Their terror over the sight of that terrible deed in the catacombs will seem to have no end.

"When they meet the next morning, one of them will ask the others why they are all up so early. One of them will reply: 'I had a bad dream. It kept me awake all night.' Then he will tell them his dream.

"As soon as he will have told it, each of the others will say that they dreamed the very same thing. As one of them will be a very religious man, a believer in dreams and visions, he will say that the dream which all of them had was given them from God. He will then

declare that you have not returned home, you have been murdered in the way all of them saw in their dream. He will tell them to inform their rulers of their dreams, and to say that you have not arrived in your country; the dream that they have had will mean that the crime of your crucifixion has been committed. The others will be of the same opinion.

“They will telegraph to their rulers the message of their discoveries concerning you.

“All of them will leave Rome the same day. After they arrive in their countries, they will inform their rulers of the vision they have had while in Rome. When these five rulers will have heard of that terrible and terrifying vision from their representatives, they will confer together and will conclude to send troops to Rome and search the catacombs of the Vatican.

“Strict orders will be given that if your body should be found it shall be brought back to the United States. The Pope shall be taken as a prisoner and brought to the United States.

“When these orders have been given, battle-ships from every one of the five nations will start for Italy. They will arrive at the Vatican coast late at night. Early in the morning fifty thousand soldiers will be marching toward

Rome. Forty thousand will surround Rome, ten thousand will march into Rome, surround the Vatican and search the catacombs. Your body will be found. The Pope will be taken a prisoner and brought to America. The Vatican will be destroyed and will never be rebuilt. You will be buried in your country, and near your grave will be one of the largest monuments in the world.

“Statues of you will be erected over all the world as a memorial, and all your work will be printed and made a part of the Bible. The world will be reformed; the spirit of love and equality will prevail over the people of earth for many hundred years. During that time, humanity will greatly increase in numbers. Deserts will be changed into beautiful gardens. Every spot on earth will be populated. Then again, the people will become bad. They will become worse than they are today. Then will come the end of the world.

“Your work will be finished in one year, which will astonish your parents, your brother and your friends, as they will not know how nor where you have received the power with which to do that great work. Sadness and disappointment will overtake them when they will hear how and by whom your life has been

taken. Many millions of people will mourn for you, and it will be one of the saddest days in nineteen hundred years. The day on which your body is recovered will be made a holiday in America. As the Pope, the head of the Catholics, murdered you, no person will ever say that he is a Catholic.

"As time will pass, the Catholic religion will vanish. The Pope would be hanged; but on account of his age, the people will have mercy on him, send him to prison for life. That man has been preaching the word of God for many, many years. I tell you that he does not believe in immortality.

"As I have told you, it is up to you to reform the world. You are the man appointed by God to do all this good and great work.

"All that which I have told you will happen. Every word I have spoken will come true, if you kneel before me. No one is forcing you. You must do that of your own free will. If you kneel before me, you will not suffer after death. Nearly every person does suffer more or less."

V.

"An Unfortunate Person."

"Why don't you do that which I ask of you? Before I began speaking to you, you promised me that you would do what I would ask you to do. If you are ashamed to kneel before me, go and kneel before that painting of our Savior, Jesus Christ, who died for us on the Cross. Or kneel before the open window, and you will kneel before God. If you would kneel before me, you would kneel before the One that speaks to you through me.

"So you are ashamed to kneel before the Holy Ghost and before Christ and God."

When Mrs. Fielding said these words, she arose from her chair, and walked three or four steps away from me and then stopped. As I looked at her, I saw that she was surrounded by a light of many colors, mostly around her head. She looked at me, and then said: "Joseph, you are an unfortunate person. You would have been better off if you had never been born, and what I have told to you will not happen. You are an unfortunate person and will die in a prison."

When she spoke these words she was very angry and seemed to be two or three feet taller than usual. She opened the door and walked out of the room.

I wanted to go after her and beg her pardon for not having done what I had promised her that I would do, but I was sitting in the chair as if struck by lightning, and was unable to arise. I had never expected to see her so terribly angry. The words which she had spoken when angry seemed to penetrate my body like sharp-edged tools. I regretted very much that I had not knelt before her.

While I was sitting in that chair, I thought over every word which Mrs. Fielding had told me, but I could not believe that she would have made me the reformer of the world, or that she had the power to do so.

"However, I wished to get only one more chance, and decided that I would kneel before her without hesitancy. A few minutes later my mother came home. I told her that Mrs. Fielding had been here to see her and had waited a long time. I also told her that Mrs. Fielding had told me many great things, wanted to make me a reformer of the world, and that she wanted me to kneel before her. My mother then asked me if I had done it.

When I told her that I had not, she began to weep and said that I would have to suffer very much. She said that the same thing had happened to my father; that Mrs. Fielding had also told him a lot of great things and then asked him to kneel before her; but that, as he had been for many years a soldier and had gone through a good deal of rough life in his younger days, he told her that the person before whom he would kneel is not living.

As soon as father had said that to Mrs. Fielding, some kind of a strange power seized him. He was standing in the center of the parlor, when he began to call for help with a voice that seemed to shake the whole building. Mrs. Fielding wanted to leave the room, but my mother went to her and begged her to help father, or tell her how she could help him.

Mrs. Fielding went to my father and told him to pray to God for help, which he did. After they all had prayed for fifteen or twenty minutes, the pains had left him.

Mother said that my father did not think anything well of Mrs. Fielding; that he thought she was a witch, and that no one could change his opinion.

My mother told me that Mrs. Fielding had done the same thing to her daughter and her

son-in-law, and that every person to whom she had told things of that kind was afraid of her; and that no one dared to tell one word of what she had told them; they feared that if they should tell, it might cost them their lives.

I believed that my mother had spoken the truth. But I could not see how Mrs. Fielding could make me suffer. It was unbelievable to me. We stopped talking about Mrs. Fielding as I saw my father and my brother were coming home. I did not want father to know that Mrs. Fielding had told all those great and mysterious things she had. I was sitting a long time on the couch and thinking if it could be possible for Mrs. Fielding to make me a reformer of the world, if I knelt before her.

I was feeling very sad, and wished that Mrs. Fielding would give me one more chance.

VI.

The Cramer Party.

At breakfast next morning my mother gave me several letters. On opening them, I found that one was an invitation to Miss Cramer's birthday party to be held the next afternoon. In the evening of that day, when my brother came home from work, I informed him of the Cramer invitation. He was glad to hear it, and said that we would attend the party together.

The next day my brother stayed home from work. The weather was warm. In the afternoon we went to the Cramer residence which was beautifully located in the center of ten acres, adorned with rose gardens, flower beds, and foreign trees. There was one dancing pavilion and several small summer houses; also a fair-sized fishpond, through which a small river flowed. The house and grounds were beautifully decorated and all the guests were delightfully entertained by Miss Cramer and her mother and father.

VII.

More Prophecy by Mrs. Fielding.

The next morning was gray and foggy. I expressed a desire to visit an uncle who lived on a farm several miles from the town; but as the fog had turned into a heavy rain, I was obliged to stay at home.

In the afternoon my mother told me that she was going to take a short nap, and that if she would be wanted I would find her in her sleeping-room. When my mother had gone to her room, I began to write a letter to a friend and had written only a few lines when Mrs. Fielding stepped into the room. I greeted her cordially as a good old friend of the family. As I thought she had come to see my mother, I arose from the table, intending to call mother; but Mrs. Fielding stopped me, saying that she had not come to see my mother but to see me; that she had come to give me another chance, as I had been wishing for it so very much.

Mrs. Fielding commended me by saying: Do what you was supposed to do, and everything will happen just as I have told you."

I looked surprised and did not know what she was talking about.

Mrs. Fielding waited a few seconds and then said: "Do you not know that the Holy Ghost has been speaking to you, and that you had promised Him to do anything whatever he will ask of you, and then had not done it; and after I left you, your only wish was to get only one more chance. That chance has now been given you, but you have again failed to do what you have promised to do. For that you are an unfortunate person and will have to suffer."

When she began to speak to me, my mind was a blank as to all that she had told me two days ago. But as soon as she said, "You are an unfortunate person, and you will have to suffer," everything came to my memory.

When I knew she wanted me to kneel before her, I offered to do it, but she replied that it was too late. "You are unfortunate, but not as much as many others are. As you did not kneel before me, you must first fulfill commandments, if you expect to come into the Kingdom of Heaven."

I did not answer, but the thought was in my mind that I certainly expected to go there.

Mrs. Fielding said: "You will have to listen

to me so that you hear every word, and know what to do. You are ready to leave this coming Monday and go to Chicago. There you will practice your profession. Your friend in Chicago is doing well. You will be perfectly satisfied with the salary he will pay you. You will save a considerable amount of money in one year. When the first year will have passed, you will begin to make all kinds of plans for your future life. You will also desire to get married. You will be acquainted with many girls, but there will be one you will like best. That will be an artist's daughter and will be a very pretty girl. You will visit her three and four times a week, and attend many parties at her home. Her parents, brothers and sisters will like you, and will regard you as her future husband.

"But I must warn you not to marry that girl; if you do, she will die a short time after your wedding, and her death will cause you much trouble and will bring you in to prison. Don't marry her. When that girl was sixteen years old, she was in a boarding-school. There she was acquainted with a very religious girl. They liked one another as sisters. But your girl's friend liked to read the Bible, and when she was reading, your girl friend

could not speak to her. There was a day when your girl felt like doing a good deal of talking, and the other one wanted to read the Bible, and she did. Your girl, that day, made up her mind that she would stop the other girl from reading.

“One day she came home sooner than her friend, and saw the Bible lying on the table, and knew that her friend would start reading it again; so she took that Bible and threw it in the furnace, which burned it up. When her friend came to her room and found that the Bible was missing, she regretted the loss very much, as the Bible had been given her by an older sister that died soon after. Because your girl burned that Bible, you must not marry her; and she will never marry. You will forget what I am now telling you, but when the time comes you will be reminded by some one. The best thing for you is to leave Chicago and tell no one where you are going. As an uncle of yours will be in St. Louis, you will decide to go to him. On the day you will be leaving Chicago, it will be raining, lightning and thundering.

VIII.

On the Hill at St. Louis.

"You will arrive at St. Louis Sunday. When you come out of the station, turn to your right. There you will see a blind colored man, who will be standing, begging. He will have only received four cents. Go to him and talk to him; you will find out that he is hungry.

"You take him to a restaurant, and buy him whatever he wants to eat. When you get through eating, he will tell you his story, and how he came to lose his eyesight. His story will be a long one, but I know what he will tell you. He will say that an explosion of dynamite that happened in a mine was the cause of his being blind; that he never believed in God, and was cursing and swearing from morning until night before that accident; he had a dream that a man came to him in the mine and preached to him the word of God, and before he left him he asked him if he wanted to become a better man, and that he answered him no. Soon as he had

said that word, the preacher stooped to the ground, picked up a handful of sand and threw it into his eyes. As soon as the preacher had done that, he felt a terrible pain; that the preacher spoke to him and said: 'You shall be blind.' When he awoke it was morning and he had slept one hour longer than usual and had to hurry to get to work on time. When he got there and had given three or four strokes with his pick-ax, he heard a noise. Stones and sand was flying in all directions. He was knocked unconscious, and was taken to a hospital where his wounds were healed, with the exception of his eyes.

"When he will have finished telling you his story, give him several dollars, and take him back to the place where you took him from. He will be glad and will thank you for your kindness very much.

"When you will have left him, you must go and find two more beggars, and treat them likewise. Then your commandment will be fulfilled. I could tell you where to find them, but you had better walk around and look for them yourself.

"Then you will go and look for your uncle's place, which you will find without difficulty. Your uncle and aunt will be very glad to see

you, and you will have a fine time in St. Louis if you did not have so many commandments to fulfill. While you will be in St. Louis you must at all times treat the beggars kindly. You must give alms to every beggar you meet. You must also join some church, any one you like, but you will join a Congregational church.

"When you are in that church the first time, you will hear the preacher preach a sermon about the Holy Ghost. You will like it very much and will go to that church every Sunday. You will get well acquainted with the preacher. As you will not be working, you must also go in the prisons and visit the prisoners. You must visit them every week, and do for them whatever they will ask you to do. One of the prisoners will be an ironworker. He will make you a small horseshoe for a keepsake. As long as you will have this shoe, you will be lucky. But you should not keep it. Send it to one of your relatives.

"You have committed a great sin for not kneeling before the Holy Ghost; praying in church will not be enough. You must go out on the hills every evening and there pray from 8 to 12o'clock. You have to take the Bible with you and read it. Be very, very

careful not to miss one night. On the hill you must pray and read the Bible for four hours every night.

"Some one will inform you that you don't have to go to the hill any longer.

"If you should miss one night, you will be given into the power of one evil spirit. These are the spirits that would have tormented those people that fled to foreign countries. Those spirits will torment you until God forgives you.

"I see that you will try to miss one night and that the spirits will torment you, and you will go to the hill and pray, not only until 12 o'clock, but you will stay there until 1 o'clock. It will be on the evening when your brother will be there visiting. You will not want to go as you will be ashamed to let your brother see you pray. It will be 8 o'clock in the evening. You will be talking to your brother, when of a sudden you will hear a voice call you. It will be the voice which has spoken to you before. It will ask you why you have failed to obey God's commandments. You will not be able to answer. Then those four evil spirits will torture you until you feel that you can no longer endure it. Then pray to God to forgive you. I see

that he will forgive you. Your brother will be in the room. He will see your pain and suffering and will laugh at you.

"Then you and your brother will go to the hill and there pray until 1 o'clock. Your brother will be very much astonished, and will want to know what had been going on. You do not tell him a word. If you do, the four evil spirits will torment you.

"Your brother will leave you in a few days and go back home. Pray for him on the hill; for whomsoever you will pray on that hill will be blessed; they will be healthy, happy and successful. But do not pray for everybody; pray only for those that you know are good.

"It will be late in the fall when some one will inform you that it is your last night on that hill; that you do not have to come there any more. On that night you will be lying in the grass, looking at the sky, which at that time will be illuminated by the beautiful moonlight. Of a sudden you will hear a noise just like a rattling of chains. You will look in that direction whence the noise will come, and you will see three rabbits come from beneath a bush. They will come to you, look at you for a few minutes, and then return

whither they came. These rabbits will be three evil spirits. Don't be afraid of them; they cannot harm you; they have just come to look at you as it is your last night on the hill. These are three of the four evil spirits that have tormented you. Sunday you will go to church as usual, and, as the preacher will be giving a little party, he will invite you. At this party the preacher will make you acquainted with many of his personal friends. With them you will have a good time.

"On the next day, Monday, you will not know what to do. You will finally decide to visit the preacher. When you arrive at his home, you will be received by his sister, who will inform you that her brother has gone out but that she expects him back in a short time. She will ask you to wait for him. While you will be waiting that young lady will tell you all about her brother; what she will tell you will be important for you to know. But as you will forget every word that I am telling you now, it would be of great help for you if you would write all those things down, so that you can look them up at the time you will need them."

I said to Mrs. Fielding that I did not think

it was necessary for me to write them; that I would remember all that she told me.

Mrs. Fielding replied that it was not necessary, but that it would be better for me if I would write down the important things; but that, at the proper time, I would be reminded by some one.

IX.

The Three Roses.

Then she said: "It will be on a Monday when you and the preacher will go in the park. As you enter the gate, you will see three pretty roses hanging above. If you can get one of these roses, you will have more luck. If you can get two, you would be successful in everything you undertake. If you can get all three roses, you will be the most successful man on earth; all you will wish for will be given to you.

"As your money will be nearly all spent, and you will be unable to get any more from your parents, relatives, or your friends, it will be necessary for you to get those roses. You cannot get them in the day time, as too many policemen are watching. Go in the night between 12 and 1 o'clock, when nobody can see you. Be very careful so you won't spoil one of them and not drop one of them to the ground. If you do, all your work will be for nothing. If you can not get the three, get only one. Do not speak about these roses

to the preacher. You and the preacher will go in the park, and when you have walked through several times you will take a seat on a bench to rest. On that bench the preacher will make himself known to you, and also tell you what to do.

"That is all I had to tell you; and, as there will be a time when you would like to know how I became a prophetess, I will tell you. I and your mother were born in the same town. We grew up together. When I was 18 years old I married, but sorrow soon overtook me, as my husband became sick and in a few days died. After his death I felt very despondent and lonesome. In those days I prayed often hours at a time or read the Bible. One lonesome morning, when I was reading the Bible, I came to think of my husband. That made me weep bitter tears. I heard a voice calling me by name. I looked all around in the large room, but saw no one. In a short time I heard the voice again, and it said: 'Frances, fear not, for thy prayer has been heard. The Holy Ghost will be sent to you and you will become a prophetess, and you shall prophecy unto the people. Obey God's commandments as thou hast heretofore.'

"From that day on the Holy Ghost has been

with me, and I do whatever he tells me to do. He knows the past to the beginning, and sees the future to the end. Whatever he says comes to pass. If I should say that you shall fall through this floor, and fall into the fire which is in the center of the earth, it would happen."

Mrs. Fielding then asked me if I had any questions that I wanted to ask her.

I asked her if she could tell me how and when our earth would be destroyed.

She smiled and then asked me why that question had come into my mind; and whether I considered myself worthy of knowing what no one knows but God himself.

She rebuked me.

She then said that before this world would be destroyed, there would be worse years than there have been from the beginning.

Mrs. Fielding then told me:

"When you will have fulfilled all the commandments, you will not have one dollar that you can call your own. Your friends and relatives will not help you; they will call you an insane, lazy spendthrift. Do not care, and do not explain to them anything that I have told you. If you do, you will be tortured forever and ever.

"You are going to leave here Monday afternoon. I will not see you any more; for that reason I say good-by to you to-day. I do not wish you luck; for everything will come to pass as I have told you. If I would wish you luck, you would be lucky; but you would not deserve luck, for you were ashamed and afraid to kneel before the Holy Ghost. Well, you will be given another chance. You will meet a prophet in St. Louis, and if you kneel before him your son will be the Reformer or the Second Christ, as you would have been if you had knelt before me.

"I will see you in five years when you will come home to your father's funeral."

Then, with tears in her eyes, Mrs. Fielding said good-by to me, and went home.

My intentions had been to leave home July 21, and this was Saturday, July 19.

I began packing my trunk so as to be ready.

X.

Joseph Leaves Home.

Monday morning I bade good-by to all my friends and relatives. I left my home for Chicago.

At 5 o'clock the sky became very dark. Great sheets of rain fell. The thunder and lightning were terrific. The flashes of lightning could be seen in all directions. Suddenly I was shocked by a crash of thunder that seemed to shake the earth. At that very moment I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned and saw that it was a lady who had entered the car only a few minutes before. Her eyes looked like two burning coals. As her hand lay on my shoulder, I felt a powerful current of electricity passing through my body.

Before I could speak to her, she addressed me by my full name and said: "Joseph Carroll, you are the man through whom God wanted to reform the world. Before you had left home, a prophetess was sent to you, and told you how God wants to reform the world through you. But before she spoke to you

about these great things, she informed you that you would have to do something and asked you if you would do it. You promised her that you would do it, if it would be in your power; but when she had told you all the great things and asked you to do that which you had promised, you had changed your mind, and did not do it. For that you are given into the power of torturing spirits, which will torment you for many years. But as God is here with us at present time, and sees in your heart, He has mercy on you, and is giving you another chance to do that which you promised the prophetess you would do. Do it, and you will reform the world, and save yourself from everlasting torture."

I tried to recall what Mrs. Fielding had asked me to do, but was unable to remember it. I knew that Mrs. Fielding had told me that she was a prophetess, a witness of God, and that she had told me many things.

The lady remained standing beside me, her hand resting on my shoulder, as if waiting for an answer. Then her husband called and asked what the matter was, if she had lost her mind, and harshly ordered her to return to her seat. She replied that she was performing God's duty and that he should let

her alone and not interfere. But he asked her once more to return to her seat. She answered, telling him not to dare to speak one word, for if he did that God would send an incurable disease on him. Her husband did not answer.

She then said to me: "So you will not do it. You are unfortunate; you will have to suffer much; you will work hard all your life for other people and at last will die in a prison." Then she walked back to her seat, and I recalled that she wanted me to kneel before her, as Mrs. Fielding did, but it was too late. I remembered many of the things which Mrs. Fielding had told me, of which I thought nothing at the time.

I was grieved and disappointed for not having done it. The woman's husband came to me and asked me what his wife had been telling me. I told him. He said that it was the first time that he had ever heard his wife speak English language; that they are Bohemians, and that the Bohemian language was the only language his wife could speak.

That night I slept until 6 o'clock in the morning. I dressed and expected the train to stop in Chicago very soon. The train arrived in the Chicago station at 6:30 o'clock.

XI.

Arrives in Chicago.

On my arrival at my old boarding-house in Chicago, I was warmly received by Mrs. Garrison, the landlady. She had reserved my old room for me; she said she knew that I would return to Chicago.

In the afternoon I went to see Mr. John Harper, my employer. He wanted me to begin work the next day, but I preferred not to start until Monday.

I went to work Monday and soon realized that I had a good position. After I had worked there eight months, I had saved up some money and started a bank account.

I became acquainted with several agreeable and well educated young women and had taken a liking to one of them particularly. Her name was Edna Floyd. She was the daughter of a well-known artist.

I met her and her parents in church every Sunday and so became well acquainted with them. One day I had been invited to their home. There I was introduced to her two

older brothers and two younger sisters. I saw that their home was full of happiness and sunshine, and I visited them whenever I had a chance. When I had known Edna six months, I desired to make her my wife. I could well afford to get married. One day at noontime, when I had gone out to a restaurant to eat my dinner, I happened to meet an old friend of mine, with whom I had studied dentistry in the dental college two years ago. He had quited destistry and was working as a telegraph operator for a broker. He was satisfied with his position; told me that he was doing well.

At that time the Japanese-Russian war had begun. He informed me that he had bought a hundred thousand bushels of wheat on margins, on which he expected to make at least \$10,000. He insisted that I should buy about 10,000 bushels; that there was no chance to lose. He explained it to me in such a way that I went to my bank and drew \$500 and bought 10,000 bushels of wheat on a 5-cent margin. The price of wheat kept on going upward and I made \$2,300 when I closed out. The wheat still kept advancing in price, but I was satisfied with what I had made on that deal.

Edna Floyd's birthday was near, and I wanted to make her a present of a diamond ring. Sunday before her birthday I had taken Edna and her younger sister to an amusement. After the show we had supper and then started on our way home. When we arrived at their residence, we had gone in the garden and sat on a bench and conversed about the show. Edna reminded me of her birthday. I assured her that I would be at her home on that evening. The next day, when I went home from the office, I stopped at a jeweler's and selected a fine diamond ring, which I wanted to present to Edna.

Tuesday was rather a long day; the time was passing slowly. At 4 o'clock I left the office. Seven o'clock that evening I was ready to go to the Floyd home.

As I arose from my chair and started for the door I heard a voice calling me by name. I closed the door, stepped back in my room and listened. Soon I heard the voice again. This time it said plainly: "Joseph, I am sent to warn you not to propose marriage to that Edna Floyd. Can you not remember that Mrs. Fielding, the prophetess, has forbidden you to do so, and told you that you must not marry that girl, because she had burned a

Bible? If you marry her, she would die in a short time and that her death would cause you very much trouble. So do not propose to her nor marry her."

I recollected that Mrs. Fielding had told me concerning this girl, that I should not marry her. Also, the last words came to my mind that Mrs. Fielding had spoken: "You will die in prison!"

As all these thoughts flashed through my mind I did not know what to do. When a half hour had passed, I concluded to go. I could not disappoint her on that important day.

When I had reached the Floyd home, I found many young men and women assembled there. Everybody seemed to be waiting for some one.

After excusing myself for being late, I congratulated Miss Floyd, and presented her the ring as a token of friendship.

When I left I pressed my last kiss on Miss Floyd's lips. I was glad that it was over, as my mind was filled with strange and inexpressible mysteries.

Next morning I went to work as usual. As my intention was to obey that which I had been commanded to do, I came to the con-

clusion to leave the city. That day I informed Mr. Harper that I was going as soon as he could find another man to take my place. I stayed in Chicago until Saturday, and then went to St. Louis, as I had an uncle there. I had told no one where I was going. I knew that it was unkind, but it was God's will.

XII.

Joseph Goes to St. Louis.

Saturday morning I left for St. Louis.

While my train was standing in the station at Chicago, the sky turned black and it began to rain very hard. Flashes of lightning were flying in all directions. It thundered fiercely. I recalled what Mrs. Fielding had told me—that I would leave Chicago and go to St. Louis, and that it would be raining, lightning and thundering the day when the train would leave Chicago. This surprised me. I was wondering why I had not thought of it sooner.

When I arrived at St. Louis, as I left the train, I heard the same voice calling me that had spoken to me in my room in Chicago. It said: "Joseph, this is the place where you will find the blind man. He is standing in front of the station. He is hungry. Take him to a restaurant and buy him something to eat. Then bring him back, and, before you leave him, give him a few dollars. Then look for two more beggars, and treat them likewise."

At that time I was standing among many people who were also coming from the train. I looked at those next to me, to see if they heard the strange voice. I saw that they had not. When I had come to the front entrance of the station, I turned to my right-hand side, and was greatly surprised when I saw a blind colored man standing there. I talked with him. He told me that he was hungry and would be very glad if I would get him something to eat. I asked him to go with me to a restaurant. When we ate our breakfast, he told me how he came to lose his eyesight and I recalled that Mrs. Fielding had told me the same story one year ago.

I took the blind man to the station where I had found him, gave him several dollars and left, with the hope of finding two more beggars soon.

After having walked one hour and a half, I found the second beggar, but he was not hungry, nor was he blind. I gave him several dollars and talked to him kindly. Then I hurried to find the third beggar, but I had to walk until 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when I found an aged and feeble woman who was begging. I talked with her and gave her several dollars.

Then I sought my uncle's home, which I found without difficulty.

Uncle John, who was my father's brother, and whose name was John Carrol, was very glad to see me. So was my aunt. But they were surprised that I had come without having written to them.

When I told them I had come to stay, that it was my intention to practice my profession there, they were happy. They had no children, and were in good financial circumstances. Uncle John had a shoe store, where he employed two clerks and spent much of his time. The business was prosperous. But he was getting old, nearly seventy. He was very religious, as most people are when they reach that age. Aunt Marie was also a great worker for the Congregational Church, of which both were members.

The next morning when I was dressed and ready for breakfast, I heard the voice call me again, saying: "Joseph, I come to remind you that this is the day when you must walk through this city and give alms to every beggar you meet, and show kindness to all of them. Do this until you will be informed when to stop."

After breakfast Uncle John was ready to

go to his place of business and asked me to go with him. I excused myself, telling him I had several things to attend to in the morning and would come to his store in the afternoon. At 8 o'clock I had left the house and began to walk the streets. I looked for beggars and gave alms and spoke kind words to every one I met.

At 3 o'clock in the afternoon I went to my uncle's store and waited for him until he was ready to go home.

That evening after supper Uncle John asked me how I had passed the day. I wanted to tell him the truth, but had spoken only a few words, when I was seized with terrible pain, which lasted only a few seconds. As it left me, I heard the voice, saying: "Joseph, have you forgotten that you must not speak one word to any one about those things that Mrs. Fielding, the prophetess, has given you to fulfill? If you do speak of it, such pains as you have experienced will torture you all your life."

When the voice had spoken, I recollected that Mrs. Fielding had forbidden me to speak about her commands.

✓ Aunt Marie began speaking about churches and asking me if I belonged to one in Chicago.

I informed her that I had not been a member of a church, but that I had attended church services nearly every Sunday while in Chicago, and that I would become a member of one in St. Louis if I stayed there long enough.

My aunt told me that the church of which she and Uncle John were members I would undoubtedly like. She also told me that they had a new preacher, a young man about my age, who had preached his first sermon on Sunday, the day on which I arrived in St. Louis.

I promised them that I would go to church with them on the following Sunday. They were happy to hear me make this promise.

The next day I walked the streets, looking for beggars, and did as I had done the day before; and I kept doing this the rest of the week.

Sunday we all went to church, where I was introduced by Uncle John to several of his friends and to many members.

When the preacher arrived I saw that he was a young man, and I judged him to be about twenty-seven years old. He was 5 feet 8 inches tall, had blond hair and wore a mustache.

His sermon was about the Holy Ghost. I

had heard this sermon many times before, but the effect had never been so impressive as this time.

When church was over Uncle John introduced me to the preacher, whose name was W. Voudel. I told him that I was a stranger in St. Louis. He gave me his card and invited me to come to his home Monday, if I had nothing else to do, and said that if the weather was suitable, we would go to the park in the afternoon.

I promised him that I would come. Monday morning I arose early, had my breakfast and walked through the streets, meeting and aiding beggars as I had done the previous week.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when I reached the Rev. W. Voudel's home. He received me warmly and expressed his appreciation that I had kept my word. He was busy writing invitations to the members of his congregation for a party to be given a week later at the church. In a half hour he was ready to go to the park. But before we left his sister came home and he introduced me to her. She was a handsome young woman. She was engaged in missionary work. On the way to the park the Rev. Mr. Voudel expressed

a desire to introduce me to a friend of his, who was also a preacher of a Congregational church. When we had come to his friend's house, the Rev. Mr. Voudel rang the bell, and his friend opened the door for us, and was very glad to see us. The Rev. Mr. Voudel introduced me to his friend, whose name was Carton Shafer. He had two sons, one nine years old and the other twelve. He told us that he had been reading a religious periodical for the last two hours.

As we saw that he had nothing important to do, we invited him to go with us to the park. He accepted our invitation and brought his two sons along.

On the way the Rev. Mr. Shafer questioned me a great deal. He wanted to know all about me.

While the two preachers sat on a bench, I played ball with the two boys.

When I came back to my two friends, I found them in a deep conversation. Their subject was among whom is there more real love for Christ, among the rich, or among the poor. The Rev. Mr. Voudel said that if Jesus Christ should come on this earth, he would be welcome in the house of a poor man, but the rich man would throw him out if he did

not have diamonds on his fingers, and his pockets filled with gold; that the poor man would divide his last toil-earned dollar with Christ.

The Rev. Mr. Shafer could not see it that way; he was on the side of the rich man. He said that if God wanted to help the poor, he has the power to do so; that a man is poor because God wanted him to be so.

This statement aroused the Rev. Mr. Voudel, and he answered:

"Friend, you are blinded by the luster of gold. One once said, 'If the blind lead the blind, they both will fall into a pit.' Pray to God so that you may not be lead into temptation."

It was 5:30 o'clock when we parted with the Rev. Mr. Shafer in front of his residence.

The Rev. Mr. Voudel insisted that I must take supper with him. I could not refuse his cordial invitation and spent a pleasant evening at his house. I found the Rev. Mr. Voudel a very good-hearted man. His friendship had impressed me very much. As I had never before associated with preachers and teachers of the Gospel, I thought it was their way.

XIII.

Joseph Goes to the Hill.

In the afternoon next day I was sitting in the parlor, looking over the Sunday paper, when suddenly I heard the voice saying: "Joseph, I come to remind you that the time has come when you must go to the hill which you see over yonder, and there pray from 8 o'clock in the evening until 12 o'clock; for you committed a great sin when you refused to kneel before the Holy Ghost. That sin will be forgiven if you fulfill all her commandments. If you fail to fulfill one of them, you will never rest from the torment of evil spirits. While you will be praying on that hill, you can pray for all your friends whom you wish to see healthy, happy and successful in their undertakings. From this day on you must at all times speak the truth, not drink intoxicating liquors, nor smoke or chew tobacco. You also must go and visit prisoners and do for them whatever they will ask of you, and do that until you will be informed when to stop."

This message astonished me exceedingly. I decided to fulfill all the commandments.

At 7:30 o'clock that evening I boarded a street car and rode ten miles out of the city. Thence I walked up to the hill on which the Spirit had told me to go. I read the Bible and prayed until 12 o'clock.

The next day I visited beggars; at 10:30 I went to the prison. There I asked to be permitted to speak to prisoners that are allowed to have visitors. The warden was a good fellow and asked me many questions as to why I wanted to see them. After I had told him, he permitted me to see four of them. These four had long terms to serve, and were regretting the deeds that had brought them there. I talked with them for a while; then I asked them if I could do something for them. These men asked for trifles only. One wanted chewing tobacco; one asked me to buy him something to eat. I went out and bought those things for the four prisoners, and left the package with the warden.

In the afternoon I went to see the Rev. Mr. Voudel, according to promise. When I arrived at his home, I found him very much changed. His voice was as that of a dying man; his face was very pale, and his eyes

had a peculiar luster and were very red as if he had been weeping all morning. He was very glad that I had come and was soon ready to go to the park. On the way we passed the Rev. Mr. Shafer's house, but we did not stop, fearing that he was busy figuring money-making schemes.

XIV.

The Three Roses.

When we arrived at the park I noticed three lovely roses hanging above the gate, and, as soon as I had seen them, I heard the voice speak to me, saying: "Joseph, have you seen those three roses? These are the roses about which Mrs. Fielding, the prophetess, spoke to you. If you get one of them, you will have more luck than you have had so far; if you get two, it will be still better; but if you get all three, all your wishes will be fulfilled; you will be greater than the great King Solomon."

The Rev. Mr. Voudel was speaking to me at that same time, but I had not understood one word he said, as I had been listening to the voice. I decided to get those roses in the night when no one was looking. I also recalled that Mrs. Fielding had told me about them. The Rev. Mr. Voudel and I walked toward the bench on which we had been seated a week ago. The Rev. Mr. Voudel astonished me when he said that he had come to

St. Louis on account of me; that he had a much better position where he had been than he had now; but that he had given it up cheerfully, and was very glad that he had met me.

I asked how it was possible that we had not known each other until a week ago. He told me to stop and think and see if I was able to recall what the prophetess had told me about him. As I was unable to recall it, he reminded me that Mrs. Fielding, God's witness, had told me that I would meet another prophet, who would give me another chance to do that before him what I had not done before her; that he was the other prophet; that if I would do before him what Mrs. Fielding wanted me to do before her, my first-born son would become the Reformer of the World, or the Second Christ.

I was unable to recall what it was that Mrs. Fielding wanted me to do before her. The Rev. Mr. Voudel then said: "So you again refuse to do it." He was very angry. He said: "Joseph, you are an unfortunate man. You had been better off if you had not been born. You will have to work hard all your life, and your last days you will spend in prison."

As soon as he had spoken these words, he arose and started away. Then I recalled that he wanted me to kneel before him, but it was too late. I deeply regretted my last chance was gone. The last words that the Rev. Mr. Voudel spoke to me affected me very much. I was sorry to see him so angry.

When he was about two hundred feet away from me, I called to him to wait for me, and he waited. I wanted to beg his pardon and tell him that I had forgotten what Mrs. Fielding had told me to do. When I came to him, he was pointing with his finger to some beautiful flowers and said: "Joseph, just look at them. Are they not beautiful?" I answered him, saying that they were very beautiful flowers. As soon as I had spoken these words, some power made me forget all that he had told me on the bench.

We walked around in the park until 4:30 o'clock, and then started on our way home. He wanted me to go with him to his house and have supper there, but as I knew that I must be on the hill praying at 8 o'clock, I had to refuse his invitation.

At 7 o'clock that evening I went out to the hill and there prayed four hours. It was 12:45 when I arrived home, and had retired.

Somehow I could not sleep. I felt as if I had forgotten to do something. I knew that I had visited the beggars, and that I had been to see the prisoners; had also visited the Rev. Mr. Voudel, and had also been on the hill. Suddenly I recalled that I had forgotten to get those three roses. It was rather late to go for them, but as I was afraid that some one else might get them, I arose, dressed quickly, and hurried out to the park. When I had arrived at the gate, I looked carefully about to see if any one was watching me. When I satisfied myself that there was no one near, I cut one of the roses with my pocket knife. I was very careful as I knew that if I dropped one of them all my work would amount to nothing. I succeeded in getting the first rose, and, with the utmost care, succeeded in getting the second. I put both of them in my pocket. Very, very carefully, I reached for the third, but, as I stretched forth my hand and tried to get a hold of the rose, it fell to the ground before I had touched it. It fell so mysteriously slowly as if held by an unseen hand. When it landed on the ground, I heard thousands of voices scolding me, saying that I had to go and steal and could not be satisfied with one or two; that I wanted to

steal them all. It seemed to me as if Heaven and earth was on fire, or I had lost my mind.

I pulled the two roses out of my pocket, threw them where the third one was lying, and started on my way home, where I arrived at 3 o'clock in the morning. I was very tired and disappointed and would not have gone after other roses if some one would have promised me the world.

When I had spent five months at this work, I received a letter from my brother, who had found out from my uncle that I was there. He wrote me that he intended to come to St. Louis some day that week.

I had requested my uncle and aunt not to tell my parents nor my brother that I was there; and when I learned in the letter that my uncle had told them all about me, it disappointed me very much. I did not want my parents to know about me as long as I had to fulfill the commandments. For I knew that if they found out what kind of foolish commandments I had to obey, they would worry, and I did not want them to worry about me.

XV.

Joseph's Brother Visits Him.

Saturday afternoon, when I came home from my every-day beggar-search, I found my brother at the house. I had seen him last two years ago. He had gained in height and weight. He asked me many questions that I could not answer.

My aunt had told my brother many things, out of which I saw that they had formed a wrong opinion of me. My brother informed me that Uncle John had written to my parents. He had complained that I had been there four months and had not worked nor did I look for work; and that I was staying out late at night.

This was sad news for me, and I regretted that I had not gone to the home of a stranger. Yet I could not blame my uncle for having written to my parents, as I myself realized that my actions had been very strange from the first day I had come, and that I did not give him any explanation of them, for I had been commanded by the Spirit not to speak about my strange experience to any one.

The Spirit had also forbidden me to tell a lie. So that when my uncle or my aunt asked me where I stayed at night and what I was doing in the daytime, I had no answer for them.

That afternoon I took my brother through the city and showed him many places which he wanted to see, and then we went to my uncle's place of business. Uncle John was very glad to see my brother and inquired after old friends back home. My brother had only happy news for him, as nearly all of uncle's friends were alive and happy.

One of our friends whom my brother mentioned as having passed away was Frank Cramer. My brother said that he had committed suicide by taking poison.

In the evening I began to wonder how I was to leave my brother and go to the hill. I went up to my room; my brother followed soon after. The clock struck eight; it was the time I should be on the hill praying. That very moment I heard the voice saying: "Joseph, why have you not gone to the hill? Do you think that you can fool God?"

I was seized with pains and felt that I could not endure it. I writhed in agony on the floor.

I prayed to God to forgive me, and promised that I would go to the hill at once, and every night promptly. When I had prayed about ten minutes I was relieved of the pain.

As I arose from the floor I saw that my brother was laughing. He asked me what kind of an acrobatic stunt I had been doing. Then the mysterious power seized and tortured him worse than it did me. I told him to pray to God for forgiveness. He prayed like a child and the pain left him.

When I was ready to go to the hill my brother insisted on going with me, and I took him along. On the hill I prayed; when my brother heard me pray he prayed also. We had stayed on that hill until 1 o'clock.

When we reached home my brother wanted to know why I had gone to that hill to pray, and why he had been tortured with pain. I told him not to ask me; that I would tell him all about it some day.

Next morning I got ready for my usual morning walk, looking for beggars and poor people and giving them alms. As my brother wanted to go with me I took him along. I knew that he would not laugh at me as he did last night. We met more beggars that morning than I had in a long time. The giving of

money to beggars evidently surprised my brother, but he did not dare to ask one word.

In the afternoon I took my brother to the Rev. Mr. Voudel's home. I introduced him to the minister and to his sister. When we had been there about an hour, the Rev. Mr. Shafer came.

My brother stayed with me two weeks. During that time he got well acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Voudel and the Rev. Mr. Shafer.

XVI.

The Three Rabbits.

I kept on going to the hill, until one night in the beginning of December, when I was there, shivering with cold, the voice informed me that I need not come any more; that the one commandment was fulfilled; that everything would come to pass as Mrs. Fielding, the prophetess, had told me, and that before I would leave the hill three rabbits would come and look at me; that the three rabbits were evil spirits; that on the night I failed to come to the hill one of them had been torturing me.

The voice assured me that I need not be afraid of them, that they could not harm me.

I did not pray any longer, and was watching for three rabbits to come. When it was five minutes to twelve I thought that they would not come, but of a sudden I heard a noise just as if some one was dragging a heavy chain. I looked in the direction where that noise came from. It seemed to me as if it was coming from beneath a small bush nearby. The noise stopped; from beneath the bush came one rab-

bit. He was three times as large as the ordinary rabbit. He came toward me, and as I was lying in the grass, the rabbit came right in front of me, and stood on his hind legs and looked straight at me again. The second rabbit came in the same way as the first, but went and stood back of me, and the third one stood above my head. Not one of them moved in the least; they stood there like statues. I had a good view of the one in front of me. I noticed his eyes in particular; they were like two burning coals of fire. The rabbits kept their position for about ten minutes; then they disappeared.

I started for home in a very happy mood because I did not have to go there any more.

The next night, when I stayed at home, uncle and aunt were surprised and asked me what had happened that I should remain at home once in eight months. I informed them that I was through with traveling in the night; that in the future I would pass the evenings with them by the fireside.

That made them both happy, as they saw that I had not gone to the bad entirely, as they feared.

XVII.

The Preacher Prophet.

The next Monday I was very busy. In the morning I walked the streets and searched for beggars, and in the afternoon I had gone to see the prisoners. It was late when I came home that evening.

Miss Voudel had come to visit us; she had not been at our house for months. We were glad to see her, and greeted her cordially. She looked worried and we could tell by her voice that something was wrong with her.

At ten o'clock I escorted her to the street car. On the way, she asked me if I had had any strange experience with her brother, or if her brother had ever prophesied to me. I knew that Miss Voudel wanted to know, but I could not tell her anything as it had been forbidden me. Miss Voudel said that one month ago her brother had told her that he was a prophet, that he spoke in all languages; that he could give her the gift of tongues if she desired it; that she told him she would be very glad to have the gift; that he asked her to kneel before him and she would then have

the gift. He said to her that she would not kneel before him, only before the Holy Ghost who speaks through one of God's two witnesses. She said that she thought her brother was only fooling her and that he could not give her power of languages; that she did not kneel before him; that her brother told her she had committed an unforgivable sin; that he had commanded her to do many things; that if she failed to fulfill one of them she would be tormented for ever and ever.

She told me that the day was one of the days when she was supposed to fulfill what her brother had commanded her to do, but that she had not done it, and had suffered torturing pain all day.

I asked her why she had not done what her brother commanded. She said it would have hurt her pecuniarily. I asked her if it was not better to be hurt pecuniarily than spiritually. She admitted that it was, but she could not see why God would give so great a power to her brother with which to torment her; that she was a missionary and was teaching the word of God as well as her brother.

This was more than I could explain to her. I advised her to do everything that her brother had commanded, as long as she would not have to harm anybody.

She asked me if I believed that her brother was a prophet.

I answered her that I would believe that he was a prophet if he would prophesy to me, as Christ has said, that those who will follow Him will be able to do greater wonders than He did.

Miss Voudel said her brother was following Christ, and was as good a man as a man can be; that as long as he had been a clergyman he had always had a good salary, but had nothing left from it; that he gave most of his money to the poor, and was willing to give the coat off his back to a man in need.

I asked her what it was that was keeping her from accepting her brother for a prophet. I pointed out to her that if God wanted to chose a prophet, He would select one with a mind and a heart like those of her brother. I advised her to do all that he had ordered her to do; and that, if she should be tortured again as she had been she should go to her brother and ask him to help her. She promised me that she would. I then asked her if her brother had not forbidden her to speak about it. She said he had not.

I told her not to speak about it to anybody as I thought that the majority of people would not believe her, as it was too mysterious to be believed in the twentieth century.

XVIII.

Joseph Runs Out of Money.

When I had been visiting the beggars and the prisoners nearly a year, I was getting short of money. One Monday afternoon I was ready to go and visit the prisoners, but found that I had not enough money. I did not know what to do. Finally, I decided to go to the Rev. Mr. Voudel and to borrow money from him.

When I was ready to go, the voice commanded me not to go to the minister, who was just as poor as I was. The voice told me to sell the things that I did not need; that one suit of clothes was enough for me; that I should sell the other three suits; that it would not be very cold anyhow, and that I could sell my overcoat; that these sales would give me enough money to fulfill my commandments.

I sold my clothes for \$28.99. I hurried to the prison. When I was entering, the voice told me that it was my last visit, that I had fulfilled that commandment, and need no longer come there, unless I came voluntarily.

I talked to the prisoners for a while, and informed them that it was my last visit; that I

was going to leave the city. One of the prisoners told me that he was making a small horse-shoe for me as a token, but that it would not be finished for a day or two; that he would leave it with the jailer for me to call for. I asked him not to hurry it, saying that I would call for it the next Monday. I asked the prisoners as usual what I could do for them. They asked for the same thing every time—food. At a nearby restaurant I ordered a dinner for six to be put in a basket and left with the jailer, to be given to the prisoners.

The only thing that I now had to do was to visit the beggars. Thursday of that same week I had given away all my money and went home “broke.” As I had to borrow money from some one, I chose Uncle John. When he had come home in the evening and had eaten his supper, I put the matter before him. I told him how much I would appreciate it if he would lend me fifty dollars. He went to his safe and brought me the money. When he was handing it to me, he said: “Joseph, this it not a loan; it is a gift. But if you should need more, do not come to me; for if you do, you will not get it.”

He advised me to go to work. He mentioned several positions which he had open for me. He seemed to have forgotten that I was a dentist.

I told him that I intended to leave St. Louis. I thanked him for the fifty dollars.

The next morning, when I was ready to go and visit the beggars, I heard the voice saying, that even that commandment was fulfilled; that I need not visit the beggars any more; that as long as I stayed in St. Louis, I must speak the truth at all times; that I must not smoke nor chew tobacco, nor drink intoxicating liquors; that I must not speak about the prophets whom I had met.

The voice also told me that I was one out of many thousands that could call himself fortunate, and that I should thank God in every prayer for the strength and power that He had given me to fulfill his commandments; that I did not know how great a sin I had committed when I had refused to kneel before the Holy Ghost.

That day I went to see some of the beggars which I thought needed help and gave them alms as before.

When I arrived home I began planning to what city I should go. I had decided to go to some city where no one knew me. Finally I concluded that I would go to Kansas City as soon as possible. As I had promised the prisoners that I would come to them on Monday,

and I wanted to keep my word, I could not leave until after Monday.

I had to give away all my money and now had no friends to whom I could go for money.

When my uncle came home that evening he looked worried and spoke very little. After supper I told him about my intention to leave Monday or Tuesday for Kansas City, and there start to practice my profession. He seemed not to hear what I had said. Thinking that he might be worried about business matters, I rose to go to my room, and as I passed by him he stepped up, grasped by hand and begged me to forgive him; that he did not mean what he had said to me yesterday; that when I needed help I should not hesitate to ask him; that he would be glad to help me at all times, and that the words he had spoken to me yesterday had worried him all day.

I told him not to let small matters of that kind worry him; that I knew he did not mean it; that I knew how hard it was for people to part with money, but that I had parted freely with mine. I showed him my bank book, which proved that I had deposited five thousand and eight hundred dollars one year ago, but that I was now out of funds.

The bank book made Uncle John think for a

while. He said that when he was my age, he had lost most of his money in gambling houses, and that the experience which he had gained there had come handy many times and had saved him from many other games in later years.

He encouraged me by telling me that before I had reached his age I would have my money back and much more.

He asked me what I had done with my books, clothes and trunk, which aunt had told him I had shipped somewhere.

I informed him that I had sent it to a pawnshop and was glad that I had, as I did not want it back. I did not tell him why I had pawned the trunk, as I feared punishment if I did.

That night Uncle John was very kind and willing to aid and assist me.

The next day I visited the Rev. Mr. Voudel, the prophet. I informed him that I intended to leave soon and had decided to go to Kansas City.

He looked at me and said: "Yes, you will go there, Joseph; but if you could decide to stay here, you would be much better off. You would marry one of the girls out of our congregation and live a Christian life. Your life would never be troubled as it has been the last year. If you go to Kansas City you will have much trouble,

be sick many times ; and when a year or two will have passed, you will regret not having followed my advice."

While the Rev. Mr. Voudel was speaking, I knew that he was prophesying, but I did not care to hear it, as I had already had too much trouble through prophesying. He answered my thoughts, saying: "Joseph, I know that you do not want to hear any more about your future, but do not fear, for it will never be as bad as it has been in the past, and never as good as it would have been. You have lost your greatest chance. Whatever you will attain in life is not worth attaining. You will be about as well off as I am, work hard all your life, and never have anything." ..

I thought to myself: "You preachers have it pretty easy. If I could at all times be able to take life as easy as a preacher, I would not be so badly off after all."

At this point, Miss Voudel came home from shopping. Again, he answered my thought: "Joseph, if you would have life as easy as I have it, you would never say that it is an easy life, but if you would wish to have life as easy as my sister has it, that would be better. I get up early in the morning and get the wood and coal for her, and many times she makes a messenger boy out of me, sends me to the grocery or to the butcher.

She has it nice and easy." He asked me if I wanted to listen to a story that he just thought of. I told him I would be glad to hear it.

XIX.

The Preacher Tells a Story.

He began: "Joseph, you have undoubtedly heard about burgraves and barons that existed in old countries in Europe, and at one time had great power over poor people. The burgraves and barons owned much land on which the poor people, the villagers, had to work six weeks, and sometimes two months, for nothing, and had to be glad if they did not get a beating from the overseers of the work.

One of these barons lived in a certain county in Bohemia, where, one time, two hundred men were giving their six weeks' free service. These men became dissatisfied, rebelled against the baron, and decided to quit working for him, and made up their minds to rob his castle. Three o'clock in the morning was the appointed time at which they wanted to start out. When that time had come, all the men gathered and swarmed toward the castle. The noise they made in approaching the castle awakened the baron's watchman. When he saw what was coming, he hurried to tell the baron, who, when he saw the

swarm of men coming, realized that he could not conquer them. He awakened his family and they fled on horseback with a few trusty servants, to a neighboring town, where they informed the police of what was going on in their castle.

"As soon as the police were informed, they hurried out to the castle on horseback. When they arrived, the villagers were there no longer, having stolen all they could and left.

"All the police could do was to guard the castle and wait until the baron returned. When the robbers had arrived in their villages, they were making a great noise. As they were passing John Henry's house, John Henry stepped out and looked at them with great surprise. He had not been informed about the robbers, and did not know where his friends were coming from with all that choice booty—paintings, guns, clocks and mirrors. He stepped up to one of the men carrying a fancy clock, and asked him where he got it. The man was very much astonished when he saw that his friend, John Henry, had not been informed about the robbery, and had not joined the rebels. He gave him all the necessary information, and advised him to hurry to the castle, as there were still many things left.

"Before the two men parted, John Henry's

wife saw the beautiful clock. She asked her husband where the man got that fine clock. When he told her, she became excited and urged him to hurry and get one for her. He, of course, wanted to show his wife that he was a man of nerve and courage, and hurried to the castle. When he arrived there, he was captured by the police who were still awaiting for the baron to return and give them further orders. They questioned him, and, as John Henry was an honest man, he told them the truth, that all his friends had been out there and had stolen something, and that he had come for the same purpose.

"When John Henry had declared his intention to steal, the officer in charge of the police ordered his men to give John Henry thirty-five lashes on his back and sent him home.

"John Henry's wife was eagerly awaiting his coming, expecting that he would bring as fine a clock as the other man had. When she had gone the tenth time to meet him, she saw her husband coming down the hill, and she called to him: 'John, are you bringing a clock!' and he angrily answered: 'Thirty-five, and they are heavy.'"

The Rev. Mr. Voudel then said: "Joseph, you will read this story in Kansas City in a weekly periodical about three years from today."

Miss Voudel interrupted him by speaking to

me. She told me not to listen to her brother too long; that if I did, he would warp my mind, and I would not know whether I was in Heaven or on earth.

I asked the Rev. Mr. Voudel if he was a prophet, and he answered: "Yes, one of two, and you have met them both. If you don't believe it, nobody ever will, for you are the only man who has met us both. I know that you are puzzled, and would like to know how God has chosen me. I have never told it to any person, but I will tell it to you."

XX.

How the Preacher Became a Prophet.

"The way was strange and mysterious, but it is the truth. I have told you already that I was born in Minnesota. My parents were farmers and all of us worked on the farm. My parents, brothers, and sisters were very religious, but I was an atheist. One Sunday, my parents, brothers and sisters had gone to church and I stayed at home as usual. When they came home I laughed at them, telling them how foolish they were for spending a lot of time in the church, when there was work enough for all of us at home. I asked them how on earth a person with a sane mind could believe the things the Bible tells, and I told them that Sunday, as I had told them many times before, that there was no such a thing as a God. My mother wept bitter tears. I was the youngest of the family and yet an atheist. My mother told me that her only wish was to see me become a Christian. I told her that I would become a Christian and would believe in God if I got a sign which would satisfy my mind that there was a God. My mother and I were by ourselves in the room. I had chosen the

sign which was to decide my faith. I told my mother that it had not rained for many weeks and that all the farmers were praying for rain; that if it would rain tomorrow afternoon at three o'clock sharp, I would become a Christian and live a life as close to Christ as possible, forever; but if it did not rain, I would never believe in God or anything else connected with Him.

"My mother begged me to stop talking, and prayed to God to have mercy on my soul. She knew that I spoke the truth and had expressed my opinion truthfully and meant what I had said. I had positively decided that the sign of rain should decide my faith.

"The next day was a very beautiful one. We all were busy in the fields. At noon, we had gone home for our dinner. In the afternoon, I stayed home as I wanted to see if I would get the sign or not. One o'clock in the afternoon the sun was shining and there was no sign whatever of rain. Two-thirty o'clock, and no sign of rain. It seemed as if it was impossible to rain that day. My mother knew what I was waiting for; she went to a small room and prayed. I could hear her. I was walking from one window to the other, looking at the sky to see if it would rain.

"When it was fifteen minutes to three, a few black clouds gathered; five minutes to three, a

storm had arisen and the sky was as black as ink. I expected to see it rain most any moment. I turned to the clock to see what time it was—it was three o'clock. At that very moment, a flash of lightning zigzagged the sky, and a crash of thunder followed, and it began to rain, and rained very hard.

“I had received the sign, and saw how big a sinner I was. I kneeled before the crucifix and prayed and promised God that I would live a Christian life forever. When I had spoken those words, I heard a voice; it was God's voice, and He had chosen me for one of His witnesses, and He speaks to me ever since that day. What God had told me that day, I can not tell you. I must keep that sacred as long as I live.

“After that miracle I began to live a Christian life. I have lived as Christ did when he was on earth. It may seem strange to you, but it has been just as I have told you. You have suffered for having sinned, for refusing to kneel before the prophetess whom you had met in your home. If you had knelt before her, everything that she told you would have come true; and if you had knelt before me, your son would have been the Reformer of the World or the Second Christ. But you were afraid of the death that you would have to die, and you did not do it. God has tried

you and you have failed. You will be happy some day for having fulfilled all those commandments. Many men had been approached by the prophetess before you. None of them did what they were asked, nor did they obey their commandments. Most of them were tortured to death by the evil spirits that also tortured you. As you are the last man who has been approached by the prophetess, and asked to offer your life to that cause, I permit you to tell your experience to others if you want to. None of the other men will ever dare to say one word. The world will not be reformed that way—it will be in a way that nobody will know.”

Miss Voudel then entered the room and began telling us some news which she had read in the newspaper, and this closed the interview.

XXI.

Joseph Tells a Lie.

The next day, Saturday, in the afternoon, I went to see the Rev. Mr. Shafer, to say good-bye to him. I did not like him very well, as he was too fond of money. Like too many other clergymen, the dollar was his God, and he stuck up for it at all times. My sympathies were with the poor, and I decided to be one of them forever.

When I arrived at his home I was received in a friendly manner. His house was filled with children, to whom Mrs. Shafer was giving a party. We were seated in the study, and conversed about a half hour. I informed him that the object of my visit was to say good-bye to him, as I intended to leave the following Monday. He was sorry to see me leave, asked me if I could not find a position in St. Louis. He said if that was the cause of my going that he would find one for me. He asked about my brother, how he was getting along and if I had heard from him since he left. I told him that I had received a letter from my brother the day before; that he was well and getting along finely; and that, if he had not asked concerning my brother, I would

have forgotten to mention that my brother had sent his best wishes to him.

The Rev. Mr. Shafer thanked me; he was very glad to hear it. But I had not spoken the truth, as I had received no letter from my brother.

That was the first lie I had spoken in one year, and that happened accidentally. I then recalled that the voice had forbidden me to lie. I feared nothing, as I thought that all would be well.

I bade Mr. and Mrs. Shafer good-bye and started on my way home. As soon as I was in front of the house and started to walk toward the street, the voice spoke to me: "Joseph, you have not obeyed one of the commandments. You have lied to the Rev. Mr. Shafer. Return, confess to him, and ask him to forgive you."

I did not want to do that, and kept on walking. I had not gone very far when I was seized with violent pains, and realized that there was nothing left for me but to return, and to confess. I went back to the house and confessed to the Rev. Mr. Shafer that I had told him a lie, that I had received no letter from my brother, and I asked him to forgive me, which he did. He looked at me with wide open eyes. What his thoughts were, I do not know. I was very much ashamed for having lied to him, but was glad that he had forgiven me and that the pain had left me.

I again bade him farewell then hurried from the house.

The next day, Sunday, all of us went to church and listened to the Rev. Mr. Voudel's sermon—the text was: "My kingdom is not of this earth." The effect was inconceivable. The whole church resounded with the mingled groans, sobs and shrieks of the congregation. It was the best sermon I had heard.

When the minister had finished his sermon, uncle and aunt went home and I waited for the Rev. Mr. Voudel, as I wanted to tell him that I would leave Monday.

When the minister came, and I had informed him, he said that he would come to our house and go with me to the train.

In the afternoon I visited some friends and informed them about my departing. I would not have been able to see them Monday as the majority would be at work.

Monday I visited the prisoners, one of whom, who had promised me the horseshoe, had it ready for me, and presented it to me as a token of friendship. The horseshoe was a very beautiful piece of work, and I appreciated it very much. Before I departed, I asked the prisoners what I could get for them, their request was the same as always—something to eat.

I informed them that it was my last visit, as I was about to leave the city. But if ever I did come back to St. Louis I would visit them.

I shook hands with them and then departed. I went to the restaurant where I usually ordered their meals, and had the meals for the prisoners sent to the prison. Then I bought my railroad ticket. On my way home the voice spoke to me: "Whosoever has that horseshoe will have luck. You must not keep it. You must give it to some good friend whom you wish to see happy and successful in all his honorable undertakings." I decided I would do so whenever I found that friend.

When I arrived home I packed the suitcase I borrowed from Uncle John, put my dental instruments in order and was ready to go. My intention was to leave on the seven o'clock train that evening (Monday). At half-past three Uncle John had come home and handed me a small amount of money, sufficient to cover my expenses for eight or ten weeks, and said that if I should need more, all I would have to do would be to let him know, and he would get it to me as soon as possible.

I thanked him for his generosity. Then I called up the Rev. Mr. Voudel, told him that 7 p. m. was the time when I wanted to leave St. Louis.

He replied that he was ready and would be at our house in a few minutes.

XXII.

Joseph Leaves St. Louis.

It was four-thirty in the afternoon when he arrived.

We then ate a light luncheon together, and, as he wanted me to stop in church and say a prayer before I went, I bade farewell to Uncle John and Aunt Mary. thanked them for all they had done for me and left with the Rev. Mr. Voudel, who carried my suitcase. We walked toward the church, where we arrived in fifteen minutes. We knelt and prayed at the altar. The Rev. Mr. Voudel was praying for me; he prayed aloud so that I could hear every word he said. He asked God to guard me, to keep me on the road which I had found, and to give ear to my prayers. After we had prayed twenty minutes, we arose and walked out of the church and toward the station.

We still had forty minutes' time. The Rev. Mr. Voudel was speaking to me all the time, saying that I was going to Kansas City mostly on account of him; that I thought that if I stayed in St. Louis I would never amount to anything financially; that the prize that I would win elsewhere would not be worth having. If I wanted

to do the right thing that I should remain in St. Louis with him; that he would find a better position for me in St. Louis than I would ever be able to find in any other city; and that if the money I had lost should ever worry me, he would help to make ten times as much in one year. He also asked me if I had ever thought of getting married; that in our church I was acquainted with good and estimable young women, and could get married to any one of them.

When he mentioned marriage, I recalled that Mrs. Fielding, the prophetess, had told me that I must get married or that the Kingdom of Heaven would not be for me. I told the minister that I did not have to drop my friends by leaving the city; that I could keep their friendship by writing to them often. He reminded me of the old saying: "Out of sight is out of mind." But that if I did not want to stay, I should write and write often; and that if I ever desired to come back to St. Louis, no one would be more pleased to see me than he would be. We arrived at the station, and still had fifteen minutes to spare; so we sat down and waited ten minutes in the waiting room. When that time had passed, I bade the Rev. Mr. Voudel good-bye and started for my train. I had made only one step forward when he took hold of my hand and said:

"Joseph, you are now ready to leave, but before you go, kneel before me; that was the purpose for which you came to this city. Kneel before me and your son will be the Reformer of the World."

I wanted to kneel before him, but at that very moment three ladies came rushing through the waiting room to catch their train, and one of them ran right between me and him and brushed me back into a seat. When I was ready to kneel before him, he said: "It is too late. You have not done it. You are an unfortunate person. You have lost your last chance. The world will not be reformed that way. It will be in a way that no one will know but God himself. You have not accomplished that for which you had come to this city. But do not let your heart be troubled. God has many ways in which he can reform this world. Live as you have lived the last year, and you will at all times be a prince of the world."

He began to weep and I clasped his hand, bade him farewell, and hurried to my train which began to move as soon as I had boarded it.

When I was on the train, my whole experience with those two prophets came to my mind. I realized how many chances had been given to me but I had never been able to grasp them.

I recalled that I had one more commandment to fulfill, and that was to get married if I wanted

to come into the Kingdom of Heaven. I also recalled that three different persons had foretold me that I would die in a prison, and that I would be innocent; that was to be the punishment for being afraid of being crucified, and for being ashamed to kneel before the Holy Ghost.

But as the voice had spoken to me, and the evil spirits had tortured me, I was willing to do everything. I decided to fulfill also the last commandment—to get married—as soon as I was able.

I arrived in Kansas City in the morning and stayed at a hotel over night. As I had no money to squander, I had to practice economy. Therefore, I wanted a boarding house. The first one I came to was on one of the streets near the Union Station. It looked much like my home in Chicago. When I inquired within, I found it to be moderate, suitable and satisfactory.

During my first week's stay I got well acquainted with the city. I knew all the parks and nearly all the streets, and began to like the city.

The second week I looked for a position, which I found without difficulty, but the salary at which I had to start was rather small. I managed things the best way I could, and lived contented and satisfied for one whole year.

I very seldom thought on the prophets whom I had met.

XXIII.

Joseph Seeks a Wife.

When one year had passed I recalled the last commandment—to get married if I wanted to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. I had had enough proof to believe Mrs. Fielding's words, as everything she had prophesied to me had come true.

I began to go to church, became a member of one, joined societies, and went to all places where I thought I would meet a woman whom I could ask to become my wife.

After I had spent eight months in the search I gave it up as a failure.

I wanted to find a young woman who would be able to take care of herself; for I believed that what the prophets had prophesied would come true, and that I would die in a prison.

I never told any one a word about my strange experience, but the secret that I wanted to get married became known somehow, and everybody in the office where I worked knew it, and many people wanted to help me to take that important step.

One morning, when I had come to the office

and had entered the small sanctum sanctorum where I worked, I found a matrimonial paper lying on the table. It was a monthly published in Chicago. I thought it was left there by some friend of mine. The paper contained all kinds of ads. from young women and young men who wanted to get married. After I had looked it over carefully, an idea had come to my mind—that was to insert an ad. about myself in that paper and see how successful I should be.

I did so that same week, and before long had more mail than I could answer. Out of the many letters which I received, I chose one from a young woman whose name was Edna Brauer, and who lived with her aunt in Omaha, but whose home was in a small town in Iowa where her parents were occupied with farming.

When I had corresponded with her three months, I decided to call on her. I so informed her, and received a favorable reply.

I obtained a leave of absence from my employer and on a Monday started for Omaha, arriving there after an uneventful trip. I called on Miss Brauer the next day and found her to be a beautiful and well educated young woman. Her charms and accomplishments were greater than I had expected them to be, and I found that she had written me nothing but the truth.

Her aunt, who was the widow of a soldier, I judged to be about sixty-five years old. She was a kind-hearted old woman.

After having stayed four days in Omaha, and having given a satisfactory account of myself, I proposed to Miss Edna Brauer and was accepted. One week later we were on our way to Iowa to see her parents, for whose consent I wanted to ask. When we arrived at the station there, we were received by her older brother who was waiting for us with a buggy. At the farm house, her brothers, sisters and parents welcomed us cordially. After having been there a week, and becoming well acquainted with her parents and all the farmers in the neighborhood, and having also given a satisfactory account of myself to her parents, I asked them for their daughter's hand, and they consented, believing that a dentist was able to take care of a wife. I was very happy, as I knew that I would soon fulfill the last commandment that had worried me so long.

During the second week, we talked matters over, and fixed on September 17 for our wedding day. That date gave us sixty-five days' time for preparations. I decided to go back to Kansas City and there prepare a new home for my bride, as I liked that city better than any other in which I had been. I also asked Edna for her opinion

concerning our new home, but she left the matter entirely to me. She was willing to go with me anywhere, but preferred city life to that on the farm, as she had lived on the farm nearly all her life.

Monday morning I left for Kansas City. The first week after I had arrived, I did nothing but look at cottages, with the intention of buying one. When I had seen a number of them, I found that property was high. As there was one cottage which I preferred, I decided to buy it. As I had not quite enough money to pay cash for it, I wrote to my uncle to St. Louis, informing him that I was going to be married September 17, also, I told him of my financial standing and my intention to buy property. I asked him for a loan of \$3,000, for I knew that he was the only one my relatives that had the money.

Three days later, I was greatly surprised by Uncle John's arriving in Kansas City. He was healthy, happy and looked as well as when I saw him last. He told me that he had received my letter, and thought it best to come and visit me, and help me in buying a house, as he was well acquainted with real estate values.

XXIV.

Joseph Buys a Home.

After dinner I took him to see the cottage I had wanted to buy and was satisfied with the price. We bought it that same day.

The same week we bought furniture and furnished the whole cottage, which looked very comfortable and inviting when we got through with it. Uncle John was a great help to me in that line of work. I appreciated it very much and asked him how I would ever be able to repay him.

At the end of five days, Uncle John was ready to leave for St. Louis. I wanted him to stay with me over Sunday, and told him I would appreciate it, but he said he could not. He reminded me that when I was in St. Louis I never stayed home at night, and that now he could not stay away from St. Louis on a Sunday.

He told me that he was conscious about the work I had been doing when I was in St. Louis, and had been giving away my money. He said that he had to give thousands of dollars in a way, as I had to, and that he was not yet through with his work.

When my uncle had informed me about his giving money, I knew that the Rev. Mr. Voudel, to whose church Uncle John belonged, must have prophesied to him, as the prophetess, Mrs. Fielding, had prophesied to me. I did not ask him what kind of commandments he had to fulfill, but I inquired what he thought of the Rev. Mr. Voudel.

He replied: "That is just what I wanted to ask you." He said that the Rev. Mr. Voudel was a great man with great power, and looked like a God to him; that the preacher himself had told him that he was a prophet, one of God's two witnesses. He said that he believed that the Rev. Mr. Voudel was one of the two witnesses of God, about whom John, the Divine, prophesied in the Bible in Revelation, Chapter XI: "And I will give power unto my two witnesses, and they shall prophesy a thousand, two hundred and three score days, clothed in sackcloth. These are the two olive trees, and the two candlesticks standing before the God of the earth; and if any man will harm them fire proceedeth out of their mouth and devoureth their enemies; and if any man will hurt them, he must in this manner be killed. These have power to shut heaven that it rain not in the days of their prophesy; and have power over waters to turn them to blood, and to smite

the earth with all plagues, as often as they will. And when they shall have finished their testimony, the beast that ascendeth out of the bottomless pit shall make war against them, and shall overcome them, and kill them, and their dead bodies shall lie in the street of a great city which spiritually is called Sodom and Egypt, where also our Lord was crucified. And they of the people and kindreds and tongues and nations shall see their dead bodies three days and an half, and shall not suffer their bodies to be put in graves. And they that dwell upon the earth shall rejoice over them, and make merry, and shall send gifts one to another, because these two prophets tormented them that dwelt on the earth. And after three and an half, the spirit of life from God entered into them, and they stood upon their feet, and great fear fell upon them which saw them. And they heard a great voice from heaven saying unto them, come up hither, and they ascended up to heaven in a cloud; and their enemies beheld them. And the same hour was there a great earthquake, and the tenth part of the city fell, and in the earthquake were slain of men seven thousand, and the remnant were affrighted and gave glory to the God of Heaven."

When my uncle had told me this, I went and looked for my Bible to see if what he had just

told me was correct. I had read the Bible many times, but had never read this prophesy about the two witnesses. I then informed my uncle that I had also met the other witness, a woman, whom he probably knew, Mrs. Fielding, and he knew her, but had not seen her for eighteen years.

I told him what she prophesied to me, and how she wanted to make a reformer of the world, or a Second Messiah. When I had told him my whole experience with the two prophets, he was greatly astonished. He said that the Rev. Mr. Voudel did not want to make a Messiah out of him, only wanted him to give some of his money, and had advised him to follow his advice, and that if he failed to do so, he would not have one peaceful day the rest of his life.

My Uncle John and I accepted these two prophets as the two witnesses about whom the Bible speaks.

Friday evening, after supper, Uncle John was ready to depart. I carried his traveling bag and accompanied him to the station. On the way I reminded him not to forget to attend my wedding September 17. He assured me that he would be there. He said that the money which he had lent me to buy the cottage, he wanted me to accept as a present, and that he was very glad that he could do such a favor for me.

When we arrived at the station I thanked Uncle John for the great favor he had done for me, and bade him farewell with the hope of seeing him on my wedding day in Iowa.

That same week I wrote home to my parents, brother and friends, and informed them that I was going to be married and invited all of them to attend.

September the seventeenth finally arrived, and Edna and I were married. My parents, brother and uncle, and many friends of mine, had attended; also Edna's relatives and friends. The next day Edna and I departed on our honeymoon trip, which we had planned, to Yellowstone Park, where we spent three weeks. From there we returned to our cottage home in Kansas City, and there enjoyed peace and rest.

The next week I showed my wife through Kansas City.

Then I began to practice my profession.

We were happy and satisfied until four months had passed. One evening, when I came home from the office, a messenger boy handed me a telegram from home. It had been sent by my brother. He said that my father had met with an accident, and wanted me to come home. I telephoned to my employer the same evening, informing him about the telegram. He consented

to my going home. My wife and I left for Montana that same night. When I asked the doctor about my father's recovery, I found that he had given up all hope. I then entered the room where my father was lying. He recognized me, but was unable to move, being entirely helpless. He spoke in a low voice, and explained how the accident had happened. He had been caught in a big, fast-running wheel in the shop, and before the machinery could be stopped he was picked up from the floor unconscious.

While he was speaking to me, he looked at his finger ring lying on a small table. He told me to take the ring and keep it as a token. The ring bore an emblem of a fraternity of which he was a member. When he had spoken those words, he closed his eyes and breathed very feebly. I saw that a great change had taken place in him since I had seen him last, at my wedding. Grief and sorrow overtook me, and I left the room with tears in my eyes. Later in the evening he grew worse, he was unable to recognize any one, and we realized that no medical skill could save him. All our family stayed awake. At eleven o'clock he passed into that deep sleep called death.

XXV.

Joseph's Father Dies.

The funeral was held from our home. Father was the first one to be buried in our family lot.

The first day after my father's burial, Mrs. Wayne, formerly Miss Cramer, came to visit us, and sympathized deeply with our sorrow. I had not seen her for five years, but I had been informed about her wedding three years ago when I was in St. Louis. Changes had taken place with both of us. Both had married. Her father had committed suicide. My father had been killed by an accident. I recalled that when I had been home five years ago, Mrs. Fielding told me one day, when she had come to visit us, that she had prophesied to Mr. Cramer and had asked him to do something, and he had not done it; that she had given him a commandment which he must fulfill; that when the time would come, he would have to fulfill that commandment, he would refuse to do it; that when he would be tortured, would suffer very much, would not be able to stand it; and that he would commit suicide by taking poison.

As we were talking my wife came in the parlor where we were sitting. I introduced her to Mrs. Wayne, who then began recalling old times, saying how bashful I had been five years ago, when I was home after I had finished my course in the dental college. How she had to beg me to have my future told by a friend; that when I did consent to have it told, my father had come and stopped Mrs. Fielding from telling it. She also recalled that my father and Mrs. Fielding quarreled about fortune-telling. Mrs. Wayne then suddenly stopped talking, as if she had been struck by something. Then, with great excitement, she exclaimed that on that date (five years ago), Mrs. Fielding had foretold my father's death. She repeated the very words that Mrs. Fielding had used on that day. I also recalled them. My mother said that she had never forgotten them, that they were on her mind ever since, and she praised Mrs. Fielding for being a great prophetess.

Mrs. Wayne said that Mrs. Fielding had told her future twice, once at her home and once at our home, the last time was five years ago when I was there.

As we were speaking Mrs. Fielding entered. She seemed just the same as she had five years ago—not changed in the least. I greeted her in

a friendly manner, and introduced her to my wife. I asked her to sit beside me. I knew and had felt something of her great power. I decided to observe her closely so that she would not have a chance to exert her power over my wife. I was wrapt in these thoughts, when she spoke to me, saying that she knew that I was angry at her, and begged me to forgive her if she had harmed me in any way.

I told her that I forgave her freely. Her face flushed with happiness and her eyes beamed with joy. She told me that she did not have to prophesy any more; that I had been the last man to whom she had to prophesy, and that I should not be afraid of her, as nothing unpleasant or evil would happen to me any more; that her work was going on just the same, only it was being done by a younger person than herself. She said she was very happy to be relieved from prophesying; that she made enemies every place she went; that even her own daughter and son-in-law had been angry at her for a long time, and told her that she had made them unfortunate with her prophesying.

Mrs. Fielding went on speaking as follows: "All those whom I have met and to whom I have prophesied, and who call themselves unfortunate on account of having fulfilled my commandments

will some day call themselves fortunate. I must say that the only time when you, Joseph, lived a Christian life, was when you were fulfilling my commandments. You should not call that a misfortune, nor curse the one who brought it upon you. You should thank God every day for having given you strength and power to overcome evil. As God has proved His strength and power to you, you should at all times try to live the life of a Christian. For the sinner is the one who knows right from wrong and does wrong. The majority of people do not believe in God and still less in Christ. They say that Christianity started from a political dispute in Christ's days. Many go to church and donate money while poor people are hungry and naked. I want you to understand that Christ can not be found in the churches; that is why I have not been in one for the last forty-eight years. If ever a true reformer does arise, he will start to reform the churches first. You, Mr. Carrol, know about God's power, so it is useless for me to preach to you. Live the life of a Christian as you did when you were in St. Louis and all will be well with you. For we all know that we must face our Creator some day, and receive our reward according to our work.

"The preachers have been preaching this, and

are still preaching it. The people know it, but in their wild chase after money forget all about it. Nearly everybody wants to attain wealth, and many people do. When they have attained wealth, they realize that they have done wrong, and begin to feel the weight of their sins. A few out of the many begin to give their wealth away, and believe that by doing so they will wash their sins away."

Mrs. Fielding kept on speaking, but she did not interest me at all. I wanted to live a Christian life, and had decided to live as Christ had lived when He was on earth. I had tried it, but had found it very difficult in the twentieth century, and gave it up. Then I tried to live as all the other so-called Christians did.

My purpose was to start a dental office of my own, and to earn enough money in five years so I would not have to work. That was not a Christian purpose.

My brother had also listened to Mrs. Fielding and he was getting nervous. His idea about the hereafter was to go there where his friends would be. If he belonged among the sheep, he would go to them, and if among the goats, he would go to the goats. He arose and asked me to take a walk with him, as he did not want to listen to Mrs. Fielding any longer.

We excused ourselves to the ladies, and then

walked toward the forest about three-quarters of a mile from our home.

When we came to the forest, we lay down on the grass and rested. My brother was worried by the new responsibilities that had fallen on him. He was to manage our father's business, and felt that he lacked the necessary knowledge. He requested me to stay with him about two weeks, and help him out in his work as much as I could. I promised him to stay until he got everything in order.

When we arrived home, Mrs. Fielding was still there, but was getting ready to leave. I walked with her through the garden, as I wanted to ask her a question. When we had come to the gate, I asked Mrs. Fielding if she knew the woman who had asked me to kneel before her in the train when I was on my way to Chicago five years before. She answered that she herself had prayed for me to God that He would have mercy on my soul; that God had heard her prayer and had given me another chance to kneel before the Holy Ghost who had spoken to me through that woman; that she was a poor working woman and herself did not know that the Holy Ghost had spoken through her.

Mrs. Fielding told me that I was the last man to whom she had prophesied, and that, like all

the others, I had been afraid to die for the people. She began to weep; then she turned and walked away.

When I had stayed at home two weeks, I saw that my brother was well able to manage the business, and decided to leave on the following Monday. On that day, my wife and I bade my mother, brother and all our friends farewell, and left for Kansas City. There I began to work at my profession. I allowed nothing to worry me for eight months. But when eight months had passed, a torturing thought had settled on my mind: that was the fear of the prison; for Mrs. Fielding had told me that I would be taken a prisoner and would die in a prison, but that I would be innocent of the crime with which I would be charged; and that no one would be able to help me.

These thoughts worried me day and night. I believed that it all would happen, as everything that Mrs. Fielding had told me had come true; and it had been told me not only by her, but also by two other persons, the woman on the train, and by the Rev. Mr. Voudel. Every one in the office where I worked was astonished at the great change that had taken place in me, and they often asked me what caused it; but I never explained

anything to anybody as I knew that no one could help me.

The only thing that could shake those fearful thoughts from my mind was prayer. So, whenever I was tormented by those thoughts I went and prayed, often hours at a time. My wife also saw that a great change had taken place in me, and she often said that I was not the man whom she had married one year ago. But I did not tell her the cause, as I did not want to see her worry. Every fourth Sunday I had to work half a day. It was on one of those Sundays that those tormenting thoughts had taken possession of me, and no matter how hard I tried, I could not shake them off. The three months' torture had weakened me physically and mentally. I had lost thirty-five pounds. I was nothing but only skin and bones. My complexion was that of a man who had spent ten or fifteen years in prison, and I was as wrinkled in my face as an old man.

I was as reduced physically as a man can be.

That Sunday the torment was worse than ever. I got so weak that I was unable to work, but managed to finish the work on the patient on whom I was operating. Then I went out, locked myself in a private office and there decided that I would not see another Sunday.

Then I prayed to God to relieve me of the torturing thoughts. When I had prayed about one hour, the chimes in a near-by church began to play, "O Near My God to Thee." The chimes were playing and I was praying. Suddenly, like a crash of thunder, I heard a voice speak to me. It was a very different voice from that which had spoken to me in St. Louis. The voice said: "Joseph, I have heard your prayer. Your sins are forgiven, and that which my prophetess has prophesied to you will not happen. You will not go to prison and will no longer be tormented. Obey my commandments and do right at all times."

How these words affected me I can not express. I thanked God for His mercy, for I saw that He was really merciful.

I arranged matters with the other doctor in the office, so that I could go home, and arrived there just in time to go with my wife to church. That Sunday was one of the happiest days I had in many years; I knew that all my commandments were fulfilled, and that I would no longer be tortured and that God proved to me His power in a way as He had not to very many men in the last nineteen hundred years.

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